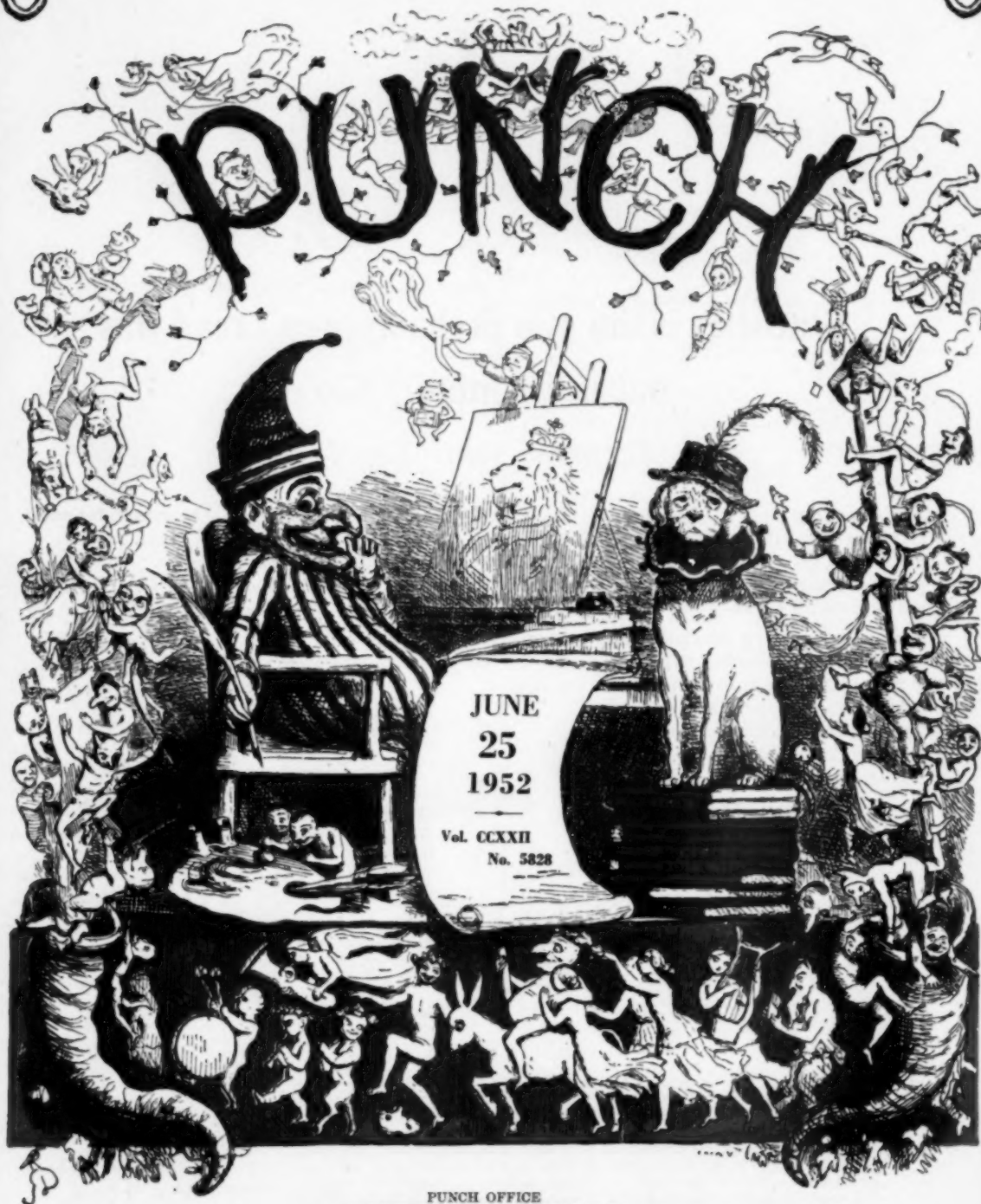


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25 1952

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

# (Advt.)

Statistics claim you probably won't read this

—but never mind. Go on!

*Express your Ego!*

JUST AS food is the only thing most people eat,\* so it is also the only thing the Aga cooks. Thus, once again, we see a great industrial enterprise bowing to the needs and wishes of the people.

JUST AS water is the only thing most people bathe in,\*\* so it is absolutely and exclusively the only thing the Aga heats up for the purpose. Thus, once again, we see a whacking great industrial enterprise encouraging the Common Man to get into it, right up to the neck.

JUST AS the Common Man never goes out, so the Aga stays in all night too. It consumes nothing but coke, anthracite and Phurnacite—all with a most well-tempered appetite. A shilling a day will keep it glowing with contentment.

## (AGA)

Regd. Trade Mark



This is the most pointless part of all. Postcard now for FREE leaflet, and all that. As though you would!

You'd lay yourself open to a big surprise if you did. FREE leaflet, indeed. Not a FREE leaflet less than five for you, dear Reader. Count them over on one languid hand. First, in a tasteful *cou-de-nil* cover, printed in glorious black and white, the fully illustrated

THE AGA is a perfectly sublime cooker that also heats the most congenial water. At the same time it is a perfectly sublime water-heater that cooks the most congenial food. It does all four jobs with nonchalant distinction—and a careful thermostat.

ALL the best people are even better with an Aga.



price list. A dignified quarto folder about what is sometimes called *Higher Purchase*. Another folder, vividly illustrated with real photographs, and packed with gripping real-life human-interest stories about Aga owners. A jolly good leaflet about a jolly good boiler. Last—and least, too, but only in size—*The Story of the Aga*, decorated with cats and other detailed drawings. Be different. Defy the odds. Drop us a line as soon as you have one handy.

### Abominable Too-man?



No, just footnotes higher up than usual. ↓

★ There are, of course, many other kinds of eating which can be practised quietly in the home, either simultaneously or all at once, and for which no special equipment is required. *One's Heart Out*, *One's Hat*, *One's Words*, etc.—but none of these is really up to Good Plain Food.

★★One naturally excludes such conditions as being bathed in an unearthly light, or bathed in a mystic fragrance, as being somehow not on all fours with the Era of the Common Man.

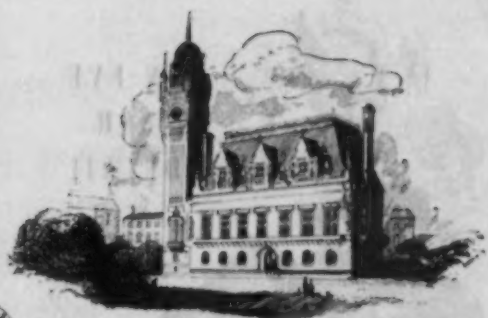
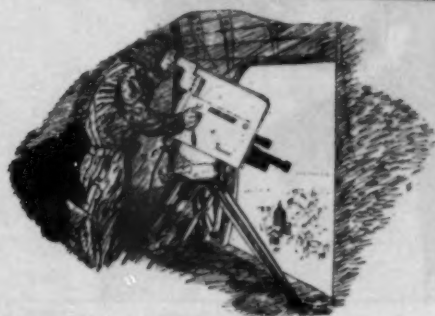
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EVERY DAY

Eye-care comes high on the miner's list of safety precautions—as it should on yours, too. Your eyes inevitably pick up tiny dirt and dust particles carried by the atmosphere, and are strained by the stresses imposed by modern conditions: how good for them to be cleaned and refreshed daily with an Optrex eye bath! Remember, too, that if by chance you are suffering from some minor eye trouble, Optrex is the safe and speedy way to clear it up. For your sight's sake, your most precious possession, use Optrex as part of your regular toilet routine—and seek professional advice at the earliest moment whenever you feel this necessary.



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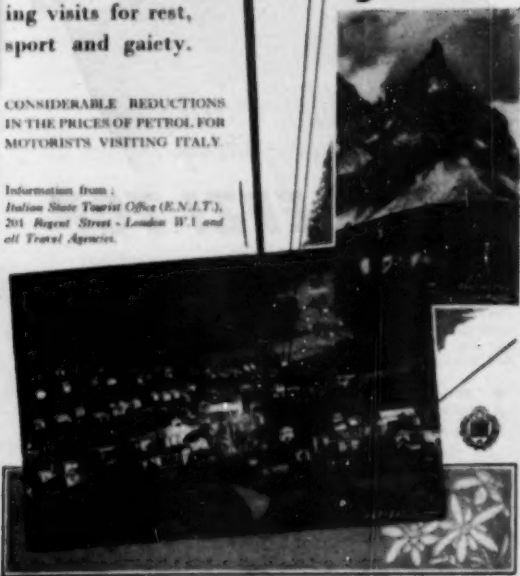
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**"Love a CURTIS—it's smoother"**

"The gin is a lure, my love, a persuasive potion, to get you to join us."

"You're a smooth type, Jerry, I'd love a Curtis. . . . M-m-m . . . wonderful music . . . attentive escort . . . what more can any woman want?"

"More Curtis, of course . . . it's so smooth it even smooths the path of true love."

"Lead me to it, Lochinvar!"

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Mayfair, may not know for sure about the smoothing of paths, but he does know that all liquors matured in cask become mellow, more aristocratic . . . in fact smoother.

That's why critical people prefer Curtis Gin. It's matured in cask . . . and noticeably smoother.

*Smoother — because it's matured in cask*

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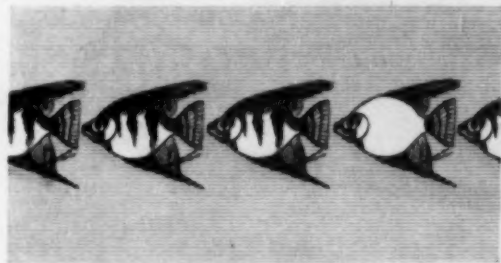
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The late Robert William Martin spent a lifetime in the study and care of dogs. He knew that show-dogs had to be fit to win. Thus was formulated what he was later to term a "condition powder," which brought dogs into perfect condition and kept them there.

Breeders used this preparation with such success that early in this century it was decided to make the preparation available to the public. To-day, from the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport, Condition Powder Tablets are despatched to nearly every part of the globe.

Why do more than a million dogs in Great Britain have their Bob Martin's regularly? Why should your dog need conditioning?

Well, for one thing, it is almost impossible for you to give him an ideal diet these days. And the exercise you give him may not always be enough. For these reasons, the average dog is not thoroughly fit. That is why you so often see such symptoms as listlessness, loss of appetite, excessive scratching and poor coat. They're all signs of loss of condition well known to the experienced dog-owner.

What's in Bob Martin's?

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain vitamins

of the B Group, vitamin D and calcium, iron and other minerals. These vitamins and minerals are vitally necessary for doggy good health and they are the ones your dog often doesn't get in his food. By improving his appetite and making sure he gets the full nourishment from his food, and by toning-up the dog's whole system, they provide a natural safeguard against loss of condition.



Now the hot weather's coming, look for the danger signs given below.

If hot days make your dog listless, moody or lacking in energy; if he leaves his dinner half finished or eats it without enthusiasm; if his coat, after its change in spring, looks lifeless, dull and thin, or if he scratches a great deal; then he's out of condition.

Deal with this loss of condition at once, before it seriously affects his health. Give Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets regularly.

When you see the difference this simple treatment makes, then ask yourself:

Is my dog brim full of energy, bursting with high spirits?

Does he wolf down his dinner and leave the plate as clean as a whistle?

Has he a thick dense coat, bright eyes and a cold damp nose?

If you can say "Yes" to all three, then you know he's in perfect condition...

## ... and that's Bob Martin condition!



Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets from chemists and pet shops. 10d. and 2/-



***"All right for Cyclohexyl-Benzothiazyl-sulphenamide,\* Sir?"***

Don't worry if you can't answer. Few people could. Yet tyres and tubes couldn't possibly give the extra miles of wear you expect of them without the addition of these and other chemicals. Tyres and tubes, floor mats, windscreen wiper blades, engine mounts, clutch and brake pedals are all improved with Monsanto rubber accelerators and antioxidants.

They speed up "curing" time of rubber products, add miles and years of service when rubber is exposed to air, sun, ice and snow. You'll find Monsanto making important contributions in hundreds of other industries, too — performing hundreds of different services.

Thus does Monsanto serve industry which serves mankind.

*\*Chemical name for a group of rubber accelerators produced by Monsanto. Used in the vulcanisation of natural or synthetic rubber.*

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*at the touch*  
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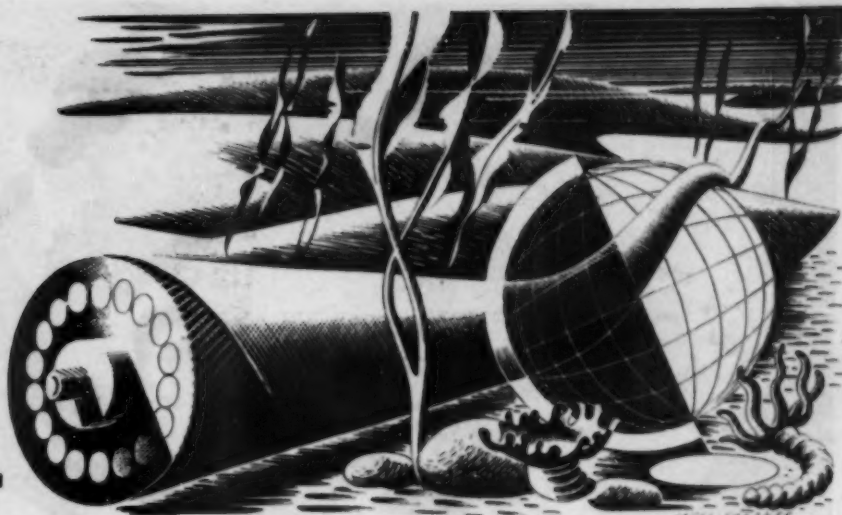


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3d/6d



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inch  
thick...**



**...155,000 MILES LONG!**

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**part of Britain's Business...**

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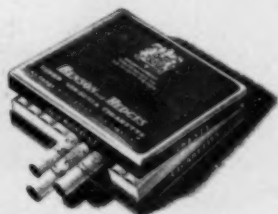
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Fitting accompaniment to smoothly luxurious travel,  
**BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes  
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when only the best will do.



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The Wolseley "Six Eighty."  
There is also the "Four Fifty."

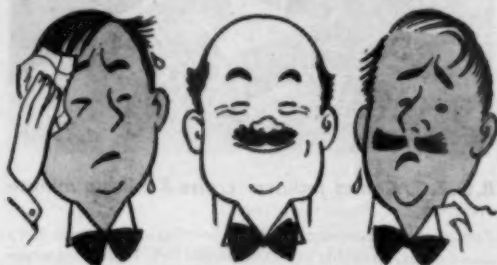
A good driver is a man who drives to the Code and not on his brakes; who never shows off yet shows up at his destination in remarkably good time. And the Wolseley "Six Eighty" is the sort of car he likes. It is lively and responsive, powerful in an unobtrusive way. It holds the road well, steers smoothly and firmly. It is the perfect car for the man who has a position to keep up and has to get about a bit to do it.

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MUCH of the work of Royal Air Force officers is a more exciting version of civil activities. So it is often possible for a young man to follow his chosen civilian career in the more stimulating atmosphere of the Royal Air Force.

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	Technical	17-19½	G.C.E. (Advanced Level)
PERMANENT (University Entry)	General Duties (Flying) Technical	20-28	Normal Degree of recognised university
SHORT SERVICE	General Duties (Flying) Technical	17½-26 17½-27	G.C.E. Higher National Certificate
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NATIONAL SERVICE	Almost all	During period of service	G.C.E.



[PHOTO 81]

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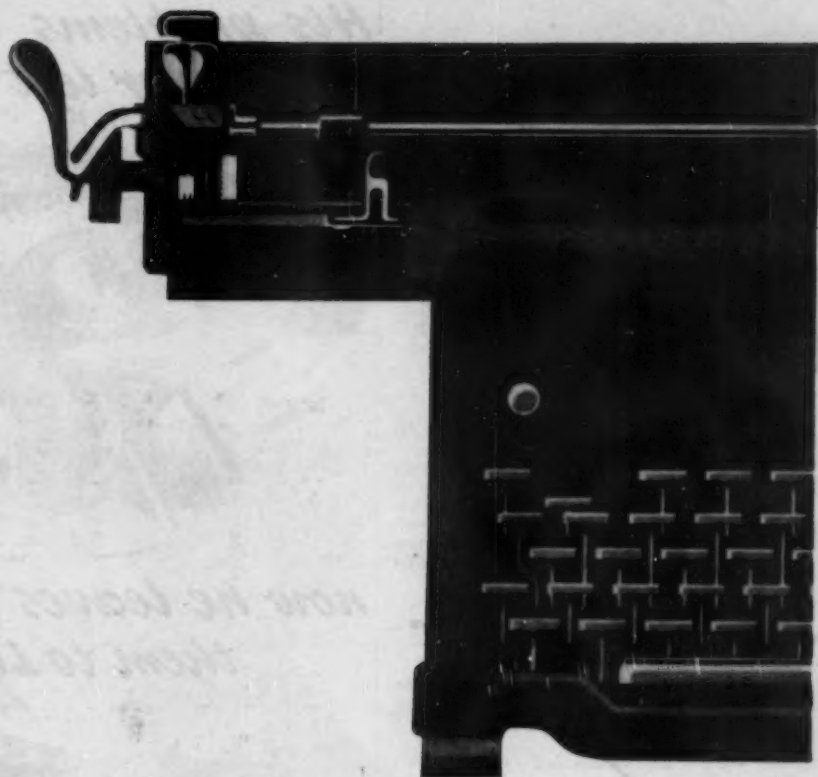
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Olivetti typewriters, from the Glasgow factory, are making their clearly distinguished, up-to-date mark in businesses at home and overseas; responding easily to every need of the most fastidious typist — satisfying those who insist on letter-perfect letters.

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Standard · Electric · Portable Typewriters · Printing Calculators · Adding/Listing Machines





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Fly QANTAS—there's a world of difference!

*His problems  
never left him...*



*now he leaves  
them to Lorival*



What you can leave to Lorival: the estimation, design and production of plastic mouldings, including injection mouldings, ebonite and composition materials. The extrusion of ebonite, pliable and rigid plastic tubes, rods and sections, calendered sheet in plain or embossed finishes—and any plastic problem that's bothering you!

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*The welcome bustle of leaving moorings . . . and the settling into the fitful routine of a passage. The brassy glare of the sun . . . the infinite twinkling of the rippled sea. The 'chunk, chunk' of wavelets on the hull . . . and the baking stillness of a run before the wind. And for perfection one thing more —*



*Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11. ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian*

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# If seven men



... on seven hills

Were drinking in the view,  
Could it compare with Guinness, or  
Be half as Good for You?  
As far as one can see, no sight  
Can match what two can do.

**GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU**







## IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD.

### Year of Outstanding Progress

#### VITAL IMPORTANCE OF CAPITAL PROGRAMME

##### Mr. J. Rogers on Current Trading Conditions

The twenty-fifth annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., was held on June 19 at Wignmore Hall, 36 Wignmore Street, London, W.1.

Mr. J. Rogers, O.B.E., LL.D., the chairman, presided and in the course of his speech said:—

As the report shows, the company has again broken records, both in turnover and in profits. It is true that some part of the increase in turnover is due to rising prices, but the physical volume of turnover has also increased to record levels.

Just as part of the increase in money turnover is due to rising prices, so part of the increased trading profit is due to this cause. There is room for differences of opinion among experts as to how profits should be computed and shown in accounts, when part of the surplus which is brought out

by normal accountancy methods is represented by the increased carrying prices of stocks of raw materials and finished products. The course which the directors have followed is to leave the methods of stock valuation unchanged, but to make a special appropriation out of net profits of a sum roughly equal to the increased holding values of stocks at the year end due to increased prices and costs. In so far as it requires more cash to hold the stocks which are needed to carry on our business, the part of the profits absorbed by these increased holding values should not, in our opinion, be treated as a profit available for distribution but should be set aside as a necessary retention of the additional working capital required. For these reasons the Board decided that a sum of £7,000,000 should be transferred to the stock replacement reserve, which will then stand at £11,000,000. If in future years prices do not continue to rise, further provisions of this kind will be unnecessary, and if prices fell, it would be quite proper to bring part of this reserve back into the profit and loss appropriation account.

#### REPLACEMENT OF FIXED ASSETS

For the replacement of fixed assets the directors have followed the course adopted in 1950 of charging against profits depreciation based upon the company's manufacturing assets as revalued, and of making a further provision out of profits towards the full cost of replacement. The sum of £5,000,000, which has been appropriated out of the net profits for the year 1951 for transfer to the obsolescence and replacement of assets reserve, is the same amount as that provided for 1950.

These appropriations to the stock replacement reserve and to the obsolescence and replacement of assets reserve have been made in order to guard the physical volume of the company's assets from the ravages of inflation, and the Board consider that only after such transfers have been made is there a balance of profit available for distribution and the further building up of the company's reserves. As the accounts show, it is possible to make these provisions for the year 1951, to pay a final dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, making 13 per cent. for the year, and still to leave a small increase in the balance on the profit and loss appropriation account.

#### SHAREHOLDERS ENTITLED TO CONSIDERATION

It is the considered opinion of the directors that, after full provision has been made for the proper maintenance of the productive assets of the company, stockholders should be given, by way of increased dividends, some part of the increased profits due to the progressive expansion of the company. The total Ordinary dividend for 1951, 13 per cent., before taxation, is still smaller in purchasing power than the dividend of 8 per cent. paid for a number of years before and during the war. Wage earners and salary earners get increases which help to compensate them

for the increased cost of living, and it is not unreasonable to consider stockholders in the same way.

#### RECORD OF PROGRESS

As you will have seen from the report, the company's record for 1951 is one of outstanding progress. That progress continues, and the directors have before them no shortage of important and profitable schemes of expansion and development in which the company's resources can be employed. Many of these schemes arise from years of patient and well-directed research. The programme of capital extensions for the next two or three years, however, will have to be held back, in part, at any rate, because of the shortage of essential equipment and building resources for which, quite properly, priority is being given to rearmament.

Exports are as important, or almost as important, as rearmament. The company's direct exports are now running at well over a million pounds a week. In addition to the company's direct exports, it has to be remembered that a substantial proportion of our products goes to other industries which are producing for export. For this reason it is in the interests of the country, as well as of the company, that our capital programme should be pressed forward with no more delay than is absolutely necessary during the present crisis conditions. Another reason for pressing on with this programme is that we must keep ahead of foreign competition.

I have said that we have no shortage of important and profitable proposals for capital expenditure. Indeed, the Board have been aware for some time of the need to be selective and to concentrate upon those projects for which the company is particularly well placed, having regard to its accumulated experience and its large and specialised research and development organisation. The company's forward capital programme is, therefore, under constant review.

So far as our future trading prospects are concerned, I should be unwise if I attempted any prophecy to-day. 1952 has brought new problems to some industries which a year or two ago were having difficulty in finding enough materials and labour to cope with an excessive demand, but which to-day are unable to find adequate markets either at home or overseas for their output. The setback in the textile industries, for example, is not a problem peculiar to this country, but is world-wide, and this setback inevitably affects the demand for dyestuffs. For other industries there has been similar change from anxiety about raw materials to anxiety about markets. Nevertheless it is difficult to interpret these signs as foreshadowing a general depression. So far in 1952 we have not been seriously affected by these conditions and our turnover has been satisfactory, notwithstanding the resurgence of German and Japanese competition. The directors remain, however, keenly alive to the need to watch changes in trading conditions, both at home and overseas, and to adapt ourselves quickly to these conditions.

#### E.P.L.—A HARMFUL TAX

I am confident that we can meet this competition and that we shall continue to expand our business in spite of the obstacles to expansion placed in our way, and in the way of other progressive companies, in the form of penal taxation, which seems almost to have been designed to encourage stagnation and to prevent progress. I refer, in particular, to the new excess profits levy. The chairmen of almost all important companies who have had the opportunity of making public statements since the announcement of this levy have condemned it as a most unwise piece of legislation which cannot fail to do great harm to Britain's trade and industry, and I am in complete agreement with this condemnation. Whatever the yield of this tax and whatever its purpose in terms of party politics, this tax, even in its modified form, will do much more harm than good to the country.

The report and accounts were adopted.

The proposed alteration to the articles of association was approved and the proposal to increase the company's capital from £95,000,000 to £120,000,000 by the creation of £25,000,000 unclassified shares of £1 each was sanctioned.



# At last—a simpler, quick-starting "out-board" you can take on your holiday and fit to any boat!

**A**RE YOU GOING to the Sea or the Lakes?

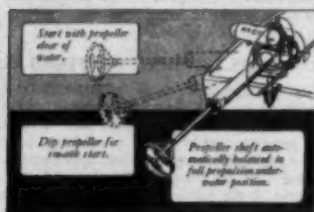
Make the most of it—go places, go fishing, *by boat*. Take your power with you—the Atco Boatimpeller condenses into the boot of a car and can be fitted in a few minutes.

The simple, practical design of the Atco Boatimpeller has many advantages over the ordinary "out-board." There are no gears. Direct drive at a shallow angle delivers full power for propulsion. Thus the performance equals that of a more powerful engine but with welcome economy in fuel. You can cruise all day on a few pints of fuel.

You start the engine with the propeller lifted clear of the water, so you get *real* "first-time" starting. And you can push off from any beach and keep going through the shallowest water. If you're fishing you can troll at 1 m.p.h. Control at low revs. is delicate and the Boatimpeller is very quiet.

The Atco Boatimpeller is so simple—a child can fit, start and steer it with ease and safety. It is the perfect companion for a holiday afloat.

*Write for illustrated leaflet fully describing this simplest, quickest-starting "out-board" that could make your holiday different and much more fun.*



The **ATCO** ★ BOATIMPELLER



★ The Atco Boatimpeller is made by the makers of the famous Atco Motor Mower, whose nation-wide service facilities are available for the maintenance of the Atco Boatimpeller. There are two models: The '79' at £33 and the more powerful '147' at £45.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., ATCO WORKS,

BIRMINGHAM 9



## CHARIVARIA

**T**HE last tram is to run in London next month. As usual, we shall miss it.

The proposal has been made that newly-married couples should receive copies of a "Highway Code" as a guide to trouble-free matrimony. Until this becomes available the young people might consider some of the tips to be found in the existing edition:

"Learn to look well ahead, so that you will see warnings of danger in sufficient time for you to be able to react."

"When on a narrow winding road, however familiar to you, go slow. You may come upon danger suddenly."

"A fraction of a second may make all the difference between safety and disaster."

"Be careful and courteous yourself at all times, but allow for other people doing something silly at any moment."

Thanks to a zealous contemporary we are well up in the strange case of Mr. Kuznetsov's flat. We know that it was apparently abandoned last Sunday; that the front windows were covered three-quarters of the way up by shutters, and that three coats hung in the hall; that a crumpled towel lay in the bathroom, and a tablet of soap rested on a cheap red sponge. Rooms on the right appeared deserted (so far as could be seen through the letter-box); the telephone rang unanswered (so far as could be judged from a seat on the front step); in an armchair could be seen (by an agile reporter) a pile of English newspapers. Finally, Mr. Kuznetsov

returned at ten minutes to eleven at night. At the time of going to press nothing further is known, and it would be dangerous to indulge in rash conjecture; nevertheless, the weight of the evidence strongly suggests that he'd been out for the day.

"An empty gas cylinder weighing 20 lb. crashed from the sky on to a wooden fence in the garden of a house in Carlton Avenue, Croydon, to-day. Police believe the cylinder fell from an aeroplane."—*Evening Standard*

Just theorizing, of course.

"A sponsor who has a particular product to sell," said Lord Balfour of Inchrye during the Lords debate on sponsored broadcasting, "may well insist on a standard of decency and cleanliness which the ill-paid comedians of the B.B.C. are not often guilty of giving the listener to-day." The remark was an unfortunate one, and has aroused pardonable resentment among the comedians referred to: in the entertainment profession reputations are delicate and brittle, easily damaged by any suggestion that their owners have failed to get into the big money.

Advertising by a powerful American motor-manufacturing corporation is aimed at discouraging public enthusiasm for the hire-purchase schemes lately made legal again by the Government. To any customer unable to pay the full price of a car outright, the



corporation recommends its own "flexible thrift-guard time purchase plan," and it is expected that before long this will actually be fitted to the cars.

The convict who climbed on a prison roof and threw slates at the warders is thought to have been suffering from a fit of temper at not finding any lead up there.

The *New York Times*, reporting verbatim an address by Senator Taft to the Fourth Presidential Forum of the National Republican Club of New York City, includes the passage: "The things that we have, when we have put on a campaign we want to emphasize the difference, those things which we believe in, we would have done if we'd been there." This may have influenced General Eisenhower's decision to write his own speeches.

A report suggests that North Korean troops are eager to end their spell of inactivity. The feeling seems

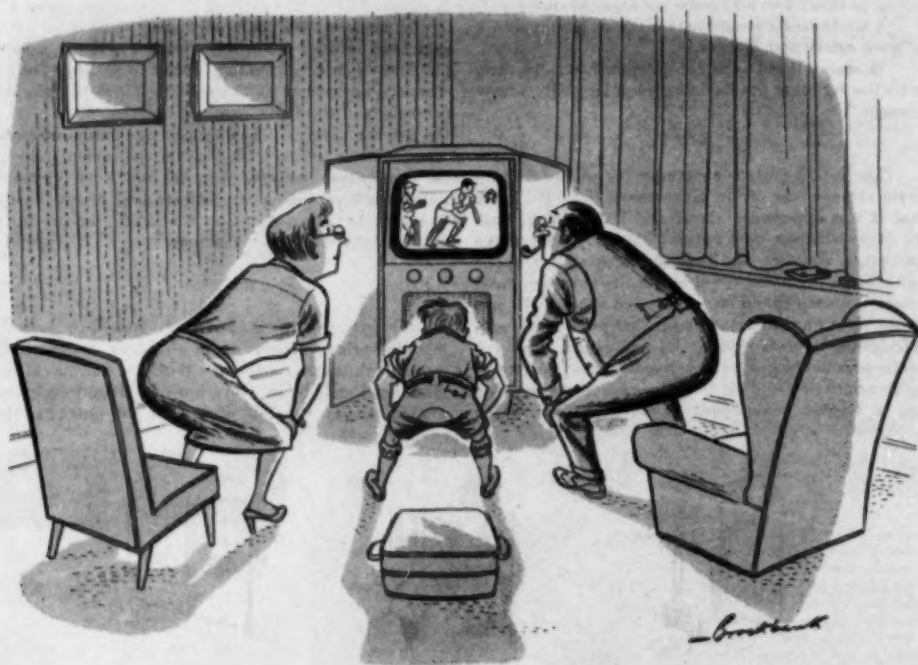
to be that if only they could be taken prisoner they could get on with the war.

According to the Report of the Council and Auditors of the Zoological Society, recent acquisitions at the Regent's Park Zoo include twelve palm squirrels, eleven bantams, ten guinea-pigs, nine cotton-mouth moccasins, eight red-faced lovebirds, seven black-bellied sand grouse, six white-eared bulbuls, five long-tailed field mice, four ornate terrapins, three streaky-headed seed-eaters, two Indian turtle-doves and one partridge. Negotiations are in progress with Kew for the purchase of a pear tree.

From an evening paper Nature article:

"With heavy scent the lilac leans on the evening; the air is indolent, too idle to shake itself into a breeze. It lies like an old sheep dog lopping from sleep to sleep. A young laburnum stands beside the wall. Its colour flows, its colour falls as though muscular hands were milking its yellowness into the pail of night. The knarled wistaria vine, which claws its way along the house with its old bark knotted and splintered, is now surprised with its mauve flowers, like an old crone who finds her hands are smooth again with youth upon her fingers. And by the gate the chestnut is gay with its innumerable candles lit for nobody's birthday."

Not even the old sheep dog's!





## THIRTY YEARS OF SONG

**N**OBODY showed the least surprise when the man at the end of one of the ropes started singing the "Volga Boat Song." But the little man who had produced the ropes threw down the end of the other one, stood back and addressed us all.

"Now look here," he said, "I simply will not stand this any longer."

Surprised, we all eased up and stared at him. The owner of the car glanced back apprehensively at the approaching tide and at his car, sunk up to the hub-caps in soft sand.

"Don't you think..." he began.

"Before we go any further," said the little man firmly, "I intend to make my position clear. For a start, you, whether you like it or not, are A Band of Willing Helpers."

"Quite," said the car-owner anxiously. "Only if you don't mind—" But the little man talked straight through him.

"That," he said, "is how you will be described in next Friday's issue of the local paper. That is how they have described every gang of volunteers who have dragged a car out of this sand for the past thirty years."

The car-owner, with another glance at the tide, tried to be hearty. "And what better description?" he shouted. "Heave-ho, me hearties!"

"There you are," said the owner of the ropes bitterly—"With a cry of 'Heave-ho, me hearties!' the band of willing helpers set to with a will."

"Exactly," I said. "So shall we."

"Not until I've had my say," insisted the man. "This has got to stop. For thirty years now I've lived in that house above the dunes. And for thirty years I've been described as 'The ever-watchful Mr. Fred Smith, ready as always to assist the stranger caught unawares by the treacherous sands and the swift-flowing tides of Sandhill Bay.' And always—always—you Bands of Willing Helpers Set to With a Will."

"What d'you expect us to do about it, then?" asked somebody.

"I can't expect you to do much," he replied, "though it would be a pleasant change if you grumbled about it a bit. But never mind that. The story always goes on: 'It seemed that Father Neptune was to win the battle, for ever nearer crept the waves—'"

"They're doing it now," murmured the car-owner.

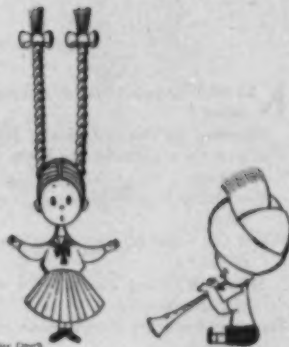
"—but then, led by one of the party in better voice than the rest, they burst into a rousing chorus. Inch by inch... and so on and on."

He paused and looked at us each in turn.

"You, gentlemen, were just about to Burst Into a Rousing Chorus."

"And why not?" objected the singer indignantly. "If it helps."

"It's just this," said the ever-watchful Mr. Fred Smith, "the rousing chorus they burst into is always—always—the 'Volga Boat Song.' For thirty years it's been the 'Volga Boat Song.' The 'Volga Boat Song' is completely unsuited to the task of hauling cars out of soft sand. I have it on good authority that the only people in the world who have never heard the song are the boatmen of the Volga River. It is a ridiculous song, an obvious song, a completely indefensible song. And



Ray Clouth

if I hear it once more I shall take my ropes away and never come down on this beach again. For I do not particularly like mixing with the sort of people who are apt, on the least provocation, to start singing the 'Volga Boat Song.'"

We stood dumb for some seconds. Then the motorist made a little whimpering noise and pointed to the water that was washing around his back wheels.

"Come, gentlemen," I said, "take the strain."

We took the strain.

"Heave!" I said.

We heaved. I burst into the "Anvil Chorus."

It seemed that Father Neptune was to win the battle, for ever nearer crept the waves. But then, inch by inch...

## THE DELIVERER

*The hundredth anniversary of the death of Louis Braille is being commemorated this month*

**O**UTSIDE the prison where we lay  
Poet and sage their brightness stowed;  
Wit flashed, grace shone and wisdom glowed  
In the unvisitable day.

Never the merest spark could fall  
To us within our sightless cage;  
The treasures of the written page  
Lay hid beyond the eternal wall.

What use, we asked, the endless flow  
Of beauty that we may not share?  
How ask the dark-engulfed to care  
For learning that they may not know!

Then from our midst by stern endeavour  
A champion rose to rout the night.  
He armed our finger-tips with sight  
And breached the prison-wall for ever.  
B. A. YOUNG

## REQUEST OF A Z MAN

**K**INDLY grizzled Major, sitting in your Whitehall office,

Brooding on the destinies of people such as me,  
Will you for a moment lay aside that War Establishment—

Yes, put it in your Pending Tray—and listen to my plea!

When you come to post me, if you feel that you must do so,

Wherever I am quartered I will strive to serve the Queen—

But would you try your hardest not to send me to the areas

Of Guildford or of Basingstoke, and all that lies between?

The point is, it depresses me, that dreary stretch of Hampshire,

And in military Surrey my morale drops down to Low.

So therefore if you want me to display my peak efficiency,

Please exercise discretion in deciding where I go.

Send me up to Catterick, where the wild North-easter  
Shakes the hutment windows, and round the Naafi whines,

Summon me to Colchester, to Bovington or Warminster

But spare me, please, the heathland—spare, oh spare, the dripping pines!

I feel less than bright at Pirbright, and I've got a down on Tweseldown

And Farnham makes me think of death, and Bagshot makes me cry;

Antipathy to Aldershot and allergy to Camberley—

I can't suppress these sentiments, however hard I try!

Yes, I hate the sandy top-soil, and I can't abide the conifers—

My spirit sinks within me as the train leaves Waterloo;

And therefore when you're fixing up my fourteen-days Refresher Course,

Would you, kindly grizzled Major, kindly see what you can do!

FROM A LAWN TENNIS  
CORRESPONDENT'S NOTEBOOK

**W**IMBLEDON—verdant, ivy-clad, still the Earth's Unofficial Championship, glorious, incomparable, unique, well-mowed, important dollar-earner, magnet, weedless, Mecca of tennis enthusiasts the world over. (*Mem.* Atmosphere stuff best kept for preliminary puffs, Opening Monday, Finals Days and summing-up.)

## Preliminary Puffs

First article—Britain's prospects gloomy: blame

shamateurism/L.T.A. moguls/Continental Sunday/cricket: U.S./Australian/Drobny victory inevitable.

Second article—Human angle: (a) Success stories (Little Mo, "Teach" Tennant, 250 words *minimum*. Also Sedgman's wedding present); (b) McGregor, the Greek God; (c) Underwear.

## The Championships

Priority to displays of temperament (with quotes if possible), disputed decisions, men players in slacks, underwear, Americans lost on Inner Circle, linesmen's hats. (*Mem.* Interviews in all cases except last.)

Scientific metaphors this year—supersonic service, smashes deadlier than any hydrogen bomb, vaporized opponents, milligram-accuracy.

"He hardly serves who only stands and waits." (*Mem.* Obvious under present rules, but literary allusions always admired.)

Praise ball boys, umpires, crowd's impartiality, players' feeding arrangements.

Scoop interviews with Singles Champions' wife/husband/silver-haired old mothers. (*Mem.* Fathers out; n.g. readership-value.)

## The Summing-up

Best man/woman/pairs won. Whither Britain? U.S./Australian/Drobny victory inevitable next year. Wimbledon still Mecca of tennis enthusiasts the world over, important dollar-earner, verdant, ivy-clad . . .

ERIC WALMSLEY

STICK NO  
"STICK NO BILLS"  
BILLS



GERM WARFARE



*Any more for Istanbul?*

#### Concordia's International Camps

**P**INO, Mino, Nino and Pippo are four young Italians learning to like the English breakfast and now, I hope, recovering from backache in a field near Tiptree. These indomitably merry fellows are all lean and brown and handsome, and flash smiles of identically high voltage; nobody is quite certain which is which, but you have only to say "Pippo!" and put a question-mark in your voice for the four of them to number off, bowing slightly from the waist. With such names to trade on they might easily have been juggling on the high wire, but instead they are picking strawberries, sleeping in tents, and very intelligently observing the notorious absurdities of our island life. They are not alone. At this moment, in one of the less billiards-table bits of Essex, they will be working their way up lines of fruit alongside girls and young men from France, Norway, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, Germany and Great Britain. If their mouths are not full of strawberries—and I suppose there must be some human limit—all these pickers will be talking madly in a sort of verbal pantomime that seems effective for every department of thought.

They are on holiday. When they arrived in England they were met,

looked after, and sent down to the camp. Their thirty-five-hour week (probably extended a little in fine weather) pays all their living expenses and leaves enough pocket-money for cigarettes and visits to the local. They have come to work, but, just as much, to play. While everyone is free to do as he wishes in the evenings, twice a week the Warden organizes a campfire party to which representative villagers are invited—youth clubs, the policeman, the grocer, and, naturally, the farmer. On other evenings, this being a mixed camp, there are dances in the barn, or something from a long, loose agenda of amusements that includes cricket (watched at first with astonishment by the foreigners), football (at which they are very good), table-tennis, and shooting pests with guns lent by the farmer, in this fortunate case a fairy-godfather who snatches time from his constant watch for such sworn enemies of the strawberry as Yellow Edge and Crinkle to fetch campers late at night from dances and worry over their comfort. During their stay of two or three weeks they will be taken round the Cambridge colleges; on their way home they will have a coach-tour of London. But of course much the most important thing they do here is talk. After supper in the old cow-

house, which has been turned into a nice dining-hall, they get down to this in a big way, no subjects barred. Can one possibly imagine anything more hopeful for the future sanity of the world than a group of young people from so many different countries, who have worked together all day and become great friends, putting up their feet and listening to one another's point of view?

This camp is not haphazard, but one of a regular chain run by a society called Concordia. Like the Outward Bound Schools, of which it reminds me in several ways, the society began in the Second War as a piece of national service. Teams from every social level felled timber, burned charcoal and unloaded ammunition, living in camp and liking it. Very soon the organizers realized, as those of the Outward Bound did, that they had started something that went far beyond their original intention. Lasting friendships were made, and youngsters discovered in the simplest manner how other people lived. The camps served their practical purpose well, but at the same time they were like summer schools in a new kind of social university. As soon as the war was over, working parties were sent to France to help with rebuilding, and French boys began to arrive at English camps.



And the movement spread rapidly to other European countries.

Up to 1949 it was known as Youth Service Volunteers, but then Lord Montgomery, convinced of its contribution to peace, became President, backed it squarely, and changed its name to Concordia. Local committees were formed in France, Belgium and Italy, and close contacts established in other capitals. In many parts of Western Europe this admirably healthy two-way traffic is still expanding. In British camps last year twenty-six countries were represented, and one camp of thirty (small by Concordia standards) was drawn from as many as fifteen nations. Some foreign undergraduates, among them Americans, spent their whole vacation in a tour of Concordia. Ideally not more than a quarter of a camp's total population should consist of its own nationals; owing to the lateness of our school and university holidays the percentage is lower at this time of year, but rises sharply later. Although Tiptree is under canvas, some camps have huts or hostels.

Depending on public subscription, Concordia lives feverishly from hand to mouth. Tiptree pays its way, but several other less lucky camps cannot show a balance. A growing number of industrialists, impressed by what Concordia does

for its workers, is helping with subscriptions as well as with special holidays, but in spite of keeping the headquarters staff to a minimum Concordia is hamstrung for funds for development purposes.

For a fee of one pound—nothing more to pay—a British boy can take his pick this summer of five male camps in England, or of two mixed ones open to his sister. A wide choice of work is offered: forestry, road-making, peat-cutting, and general farming. As most of the campers are urban, this is often their first solid taste of country life. If they can raise the fare abroad there are camps in France, Belgium, Norway, Germany and possibly Italy. Of two in France, for boys only, one will work on a social survey of a French village, the other on the construction of hydro-electric dams. But abroad there is also plenty of farming and building.

The men who run Concordia are determined to keep it flexible. Each year they have, as it were, a special dish on their menu. Last year it was the Festival, when they cut timber for the South Bank and arranged facilities for foreigners; next summer the emphasis will be on Empire, because of the Coronation. This year they are trying out an experiment that seems to me entirely first-class, by sending lorries

crewed by volunteers under experienced leaders to Italy and Yugoslavia, to Athens and to Istanbul. Each boy will pay his own whack, but for no more than he would spend in England for a fortnight at a dreary hotel with a Palm Lounge he is offered nearly a month of marvellous interest and excitement. It is bound to be tough going, sleeping out and making do, but the candidates are being hand-picked. Each will have his own job, as caterer, cook, Press officer, photographer, first-aid man or interpreter. A boy's dreams of adventure can seldom have come as true as this. I hope diaries will be kept, and published.

What pleased me immediately about Concordia is that it has as few rules as possible. Whether you are sixteen or twenty-three (the age limits) you are not niggled at, but simply expected to be punctual and helpful. The Camp Warden draws his authority mainly from public opinion, and is therefore one of the family. How quickly the family develops we saw at Tiptree, where we went on the first working day of a fresh intake. Already lunch-time sandwiches were being eaten in a babel of conversation, and everyone was eagerly awaiting the arrival of five Norwegian girls, last seen bicycling through York inside a mountain of suitcases.

ERIC KROWS



## TOP LEVEL

SOME people think that a bank with a manager named Mr. Cribley is Mr. Cribley's bank. This is not so. There is something called Head Office which lurks in the background and animates its managerial marionettes. When the manager advances from his desk to greet a customer he gives a convincing imitation of independent life, but at the words "five hundred pounds" he sags. The hands holding the strings have withdrawn their support.

I said as much to Mr. Cribley. At first his arms were jerked up in a gesture of automatic disavowal, but later he admitted it. He would have to ask his Head Office, he said:

"That's what you said last

time," I told him. "This time I'll ask them myself. I'll see the Chairman. I'm free on Friday morning."

No one, said Cribley, saw the Chairman, except heads of governments and newly-appointed managers. "We shake his hand," he said, looking at his hand as if he'd never seen it before.

"Just shake, not kiss!" It is this wicked levity which puts up my bank charges, I think. When they go through the ledgers and come to me they say "Another three guineas here, for Disrespect."

"Nor the Vice-chairman, either," said Cribley. "As for the Chief General Managers——"

"They'll do," I said. "Tell them——"

"Really. Please." Cribley was scandalized. "Their work is highly specialized. Even the Joint General Managers are——"

I insisted on seeing the Joint General Managers. I would see them on Friday at ten. I wouldn't keep them very——

"I couldn't possibly ask them."

"Cribley, this is absurd," I said.

"These negotiations are dragging on interminably, and I shall begin to think that you don't really want to reach an agreement. What can you offer me?"

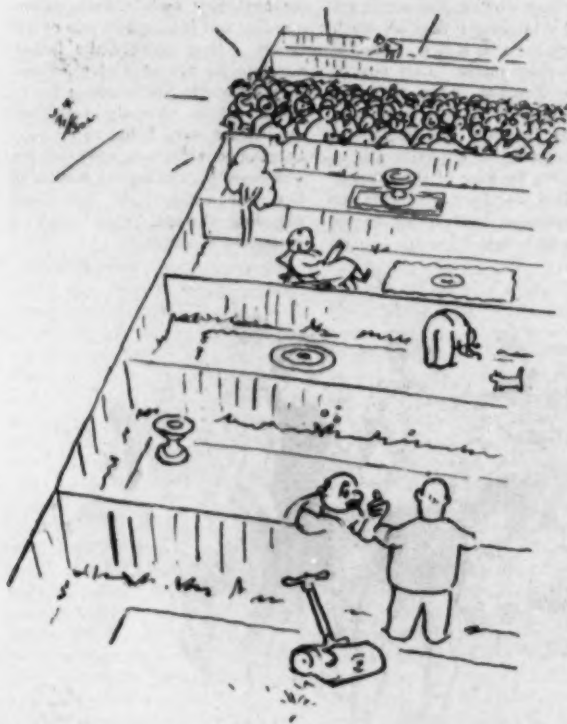
"Possibly one of the Assistant General Managers would——er——could——"

"Lay it on," I said.

I must confess that, until I saw it, I had half suspected Cribley's precious Head Office to be a figment, a clever and convenient alibi. But there it was, big enough to make even heads of governments feel small; full of marble, gilt, soft-footed servitors in fine raiment and the hushed, formless hum of mammonite ceremonial. "I have an appointment," I said to a man in a sky-blue tail-coat, "with Mr. Shallot-Smith." The gentleman of the chorus summoned two more, and between them they got me into the lift, instructed the liftman, bowed with a nice apportionment of deference between Mr. Shallot-Smith and me, and sank from view taking my stomach with them.

Something impelled me to make an overture to the liftman. "Going to rain, do you think?" I said.

His reply was formal: "Fourth floor." I emerged into a sumptuous ante-room which may one day be used for the Royal Tournament when it outgrows Earl's Court. At the moment it wasn't being used for anything. In a far corner a tape-machine clicked a sharp message. I walked over with as much poise as possible, quickly getting the trick of lifting each foot clear of the carpet pile. "Hutton out," the message



"Garden party at No. 197."

said, and continued, "Brussels 139-141f. 139-85-140. 12½fr."

"Good morning," said a voice. It belonged to the most beautiful morning-suit in the world and carried a topper gleaming like a wet seal.

"Thank you," I said. I don't know why. "It's about my overdraft. I thought perhaps you might—"

"Mr. Shallot-Smith will see you, sir," said the coat, and, turning to reveal six pairs of silver buttons down the back, melted away over the waste of floor.

There were several points of distinction between Mr. Shallot-Smith's room and Mr. Cribley's. It was eight times the size, to begin with. The desk, instead of being banked high with deeds, documents, bottles of digestive powder, mortgage foreclosure forms and customers' appeals for clemency with "No" pencilled across the corner, was completely empty. And, of course, instead of Mr. Cribley there was Mr. Shallot-Smith, dressed like a cross between Jack Buchanan and Clive Brook. He smiled at me, but it was more than a smile; it was the spontaneous and radiant personification of charm. The silver-buttoned acolyte adjusted a crimson curtain to forestall the sun's encroachment on Mr. Shallot-Smith's silken cheek, and stole out by the great walnut door.

We were alone together.

Mr. Shallot-Smith (who, I tried desperately to remind myself, was a mere Assistant General Manager, eighteenth or so in the line of succession) said that it was a lovely day. I concurred, and ventured to ask whether he thought that it would rain. He said that when he had left Berkshire it had looked like rain, but it seemed fine enough now. I said that it did, and added that it had been fine when I left Bayswater, but of course it might be raining now. I explained that I lived at Bayswater, and he appeared extremely interested. Then there was a pause, during which I tried to tuck a cuff of yesterday's shirt out of sight.

I think I might have come to the

point about then, but the telephone rang and put me off, so that when he threw me another dazzling smile as he lifted the receiver I could only say that Hutton was out. He said "Make many runs?" I replied "Twelve and a half francs," but fortunately he had withdrawn his attention.

"Shallot-Smith," he said into the telephone. "Yes... yes... yes... yes. I see. Oh, yes, I should let them go to three-quarters of a million."

He hung up, and turned to me with an apology. He seemed surprised to see that I had reached the door.



*"Time was, before the Zebras, when you could help one old dear across the road, and that was it for the day..."*

"Going so soon?" he said.

At least it's made me feel quite different about Mr. Cribley. It isn't only that a chat with him seems cosy by comparison, but that he will never again, I think, have to charge me three guineas for Disrespect.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

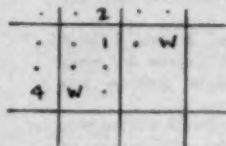
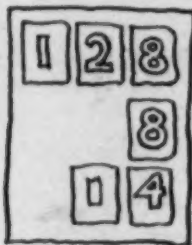
#### Exclude Us In

"An exclusive London dining club has extended its activities to Scotland. And by paying a very small subscription anybody—male or female—can join the club."—*Glasgow Bulletin*

## NEWBOLT REVISITED

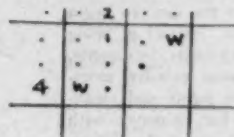
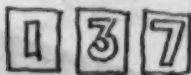
There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,



Ten to make and the match to win—

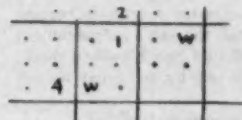
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,



A bumping pitch and a blinding light,

But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—

9	J.W. Barrett	2.3.4.11.3.	Retired Hurt
10	T. Todd	1.2.	
11	S. Oldman		
BYES 4.4.2.4.3.1.			



An hour to play and the last man in.

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"



9	J.W. Barrett	2.3.4.11.3.	Retired Hurt
10	T. Todd	1.2.	Not Out
11	S. Oldman		Out
BYES 4.4.2.4.3.1.			

**BAD LIGHT STOPPED PLAY**

A.S.H.



# "CURRENTLY"

A Note on Progress, Efficiency, Economy, etc.

THE North Americans are many miles Ahead of these poor backward British Isles. Strong manly speech is their especial gift—Well, "ELEVATOR," say, instead of "LIFT." (The rule is, where one syllable would do, Use three or four—at all events, use two.) "GET OUT," or "Go," the feeble Britons hiss: They (briefly) "GET TO HELL, PUNK, OUT OF THIS." Here quaint old "BRACES" keep men's minds at rest: "SUSPENDERS" do this duty in the West. "RIGHT NOW," we all were willing to allow, Was stronger, swifter, better far than "Now": But look, they're one more syllable ahead, For they are saying "CURRENTLY" instead.

A. P. H.



"Oh, did he? Well, my father marked it and he says it's wrong."

## BRADSHAW AND THAT OTHER

HOW does it come about that the authors of Bradshaw, at once the most dignified and the most poetic work in the whole Arabic notation, should be equally concerned with an International Air Guide, a precocious, transient book, flighty in every sense of the word? How can "Abbot's Langley, see King's Langley" be reconciled with "Turku, see Abo," or "Trichinopoly, see Tiruchirappalli"? Bradshaw, for all its scholarship (and it might well claim precedence over the *Authors' and Printers' Dictionary* as the leading authority on footnotes) has always been reluctant to make too much of § and has never used it except for a simple and straightforward purpose. How, then, can the compiler who has been trained to write "§ via Thirsk" and "§ by motor" lend himself, at his time of life, to the overwritten: "§ No local traffic. Passengers booked to or from a place in Brazil may not stopover (*sic*) at any other Brazilian airport. Passengers booked to a destination beyond Brazil may stopover only once in Brazil"! What does it all mean? Admittedly the form is Bradshavian, but the content is almost science fiction.

The answer is that the journalist must write for his market. Nothing is beneath his dignity; he cannot afford shame. It would be technically possible for *The Times* to publish a Sunday paper full of Daring Memoirs or for the *London Gazette* to cover a big fight. Similarly Bradshaw, whose typical subscriber is the rural dean proceeding by halt and single track to take counsel with the Church in Wales, tries to cater also for the

top executive who must fly at five minutes' notice to Rio to talk it over man to man. (And caters very well, of course, but that is not our point.)

So we shall not expect to find the Other Bradshaw prying into academic detail, as Bradshaw does in Book III, Chapter 113, "Chester to Birkenhead," where it uses a rare § to mean "1 minute later on Saturdays." The top executive is a busy man and, although nobody enjoys a joke more than he does, he has no time to waste on frivolity. "Em-plane Idlewild twenty-three hundred hours after baggage clearance"; that is the language he talks, and the sort the Other Bradshaw must talk too.

Perhaps the Other Bradshaw, who is only eighteen and a naturally rumbustious fellow, will mellow with age. After all, Bradshaw's footnotes, however integral a part of English letters they may seem, have not always been there. In 1852 you travelled from Manchester to Normanton, nine times a day, without benefit of a single footnote. To-day the journey takes exactly fifty footnotes, including a rather choice "§" meaning "144½ miles via Holbeck." I say choice, because the compiler has already invoked "q", that is to say "via Holbeck," and Bradshaw does not normally have second thoughts.

The criticism is often levelled against Bradshaw that it is uniform to the point of monotony. Sherlock Holmes is quoted as saying, in *The Valley of Fear*, that "The vocabulary of Bradshaw is nervous and tense, but limited." Even these columns were opened, many years ago, to a contributor who wrote: "With

A Short Introduction to the Comparative Analysis of Time-tables, with Particular Reference to Footnotes



M.A. 1007

most books it is possible to point to one chapter that is better than another, or one that is worse . . . But Bradshaw is above fluctuation, and he rides high, like the stars."

This may be flattering, but it is also arrant distortion. Bradshaw's compilers are men of many moods, taking full advantage of the limited means at their disposal for giving their moods expression. We find them wistful, as in Book I, Chapter 64, "Didcot to Southampton," where there is an "Aa" unparalleled elsewhere in the guide, which allows evening trains to call by request at Churn during the hours of daylight only. This is a survival from Great Western days: the other regions have nothing to compare. Or we find them officious, as in Book VI, Chapter 286, "Glasgow to Oban," where they categorically refuse to handle luggage or bicycles when the train stops by request at Kingshouse. Or they can adopt a haughty attitude to the lower classes, as when, in Book III, Chapter 50, "London to Scotland," they call at Nuneston "Zz . . . when required to set down Sleeping Car passengers only."

The man who watches over East Anglia (a canto of some length in Book IV) is a very changeable chap. He can be most helpful or totally indifferent, according to environment. Thus, between St. Ives and Huntingdon (Book IV, Chapter 46) he brings in § to announce that "Huntingdon (East) and (North) Stations are connected by means of an open pathway, 100 yards in length." But between Peterborough (North) and Yarmouth (Beach) (Book IV, Chapter 60) he couldn't care less: "On Saturdays passengers change at Peterborough and find own way between North and East Stations at own expense."

Finally we find them in times of deep sorrow. It has been the lifework of someone at Bradshaw's to chronicle a century's comings and goings at Bardon Hill (Book III, Chapter 226, "Leicester to Burton-on-Trent"). Gay trains, solemn trains, stopping trains, the odd express; at one time and another he has dealt with them all, allowing himself eleven modest footnotes. Imagine, if you can, his feelings as he wrote Bardon Hill's last cross-reference, rushed into print in the form of a supplement to the May edition: "Bardon Hill Station is closed and all trains cease to call there." What more can a man say?

But we are out of our province in discussing things of the spirit. We must return to facts. One finds throughout the guide little instances of the individual preferences of authors for a certain type of footnote. The author of Book IV, Chapter 58, "Yarmouth (Vauxhall) to Norwich (Thorpe)," has a strong feeling for bold capitals and uses nothing else. The author of the fifty footnotes mentioned above, on the other hand, uses every type face he can lay his hands on. A fascinating study.

When a new man starts at Bradshaw's he must find himself, as any amateur would, tempted to draw on his personal knowledge and slip in a surreptitious "f" meaning "Guard quite an interesting character, except Weds. and Sats." Or he may have a misguided sense of humour and put a "P" in the train columns referring

below to "ghost train." Bradshaw's older compilers have a remedy for this. All the evidence suggests that a new man is given Ludgershall to Tidworth (Book I, Chapter 115a) (not even, you will notice, a chapter to himself). The three trains a day, and none on Sundays, between these two stations 2½ miles apart will soon break him in. How the Other Bradshaw works I cannot say: I imagine they put him straight on to London-Santiago and give him a free rein.

## PLENTY OF CLEMENTI

THE woman pushed open the door with vigour and made straight for the counter. She swept past the gleaming splendour of the Blüthner grand, past the rows of smiling, romantic faces on the song-hits, even past the percussion band incongruously painted with rabbits and toadstools. She poured a wave of matronly charm over the counter at the assistant and said "Good afternoon. I wonder if you've got a piece of music my little gel is very fond of. By Clementi. It was in a book her cousin had." She smiled powerfully to fill up the gaps in her description and stood with her head slightly on one side awaiting results.

Her husband neatly side-stepped the vicious back-swing of the door and whipped through without touching it as it swung open the second time. Pleased with this dexterity, which he did not often bring off, he turned and ran an expert eye over the door. He tested the spring with his finger, prodding the plate-glass like a farmer sounding the flanks of fat stock. Then he nodded, pulled out a small pocket-book and made a note. This done, he wandered across to the song-hits and, feet apart and hands clasped behind his back, began to examine the faces minutely.

The assistant was a plump girl with a fresh complexion and untidy reddish hair. The woman's inquiry had in any case left her slightly at a loss, and the sudden and acrobatic entrance of her husband, coming immediately on top of it, had disastrously distracted her attention. With an effort she brought her eyes back to the tilted, smiling, formidable face in front of her and said "Clementi, madam? Oh yes. What was the piece called, now?"

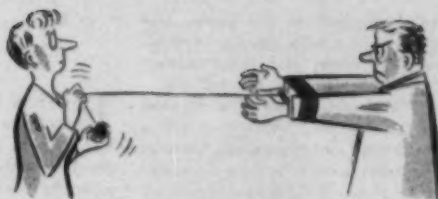
The woman, sensing obstruction, bridled slightly. "Well, really," she said, "I don't think it had a name. It was in a book with several other pieces. My gel is fourteen," she added, as a further concession.

A sharp ping from the other side of the shop brought her round as though she had been shot at from behind. "John!" she said. Her husband, one pale-blue drumstick poised for a blow as the dangling triangle of the percussion band, looked at her over his shoulder. "John," she said, "what was that piece called?"

He raised the drumstick an inch or two higher without looking at it. "Which piece?" he said. "You know," she said, "the piece Betty played—" Her voice rose with a note of increasing urgency and then stopped suddenly. The triangle went *crash* as the stick caught it smartly on the open side. He nodded appreciatively. Then he put the stick down with the others and sauntered pleasantly over towards the counter. He said "I know, the Clementi." He fixed the assistant with a wild and quizzical eye but spoke to his wife. "You should ask her," he said, "if she has Moments with the Masters."

"Has what?" she said, but the assistant blossomed instantly into smiling relief. "Moments with the Masters?" she said. "Oh yes, madam. Which series would it be, now?" She dived suddenly under the counter and produced a pile of different-coloured volumes of music, which she slapped down on the glass.

The woman said "Well, really—I didn't know there was more than one. Let me see, I wonder if it



was the blue one?" Her husband said "Can't we see which has got the Clementi?" and the assistant flicked open the blue cover and ran her eye down the index. She said "There's two Clementis here—no, three." She tried the pink volume. "Oh dear," she said, "there's plenty of Clementi."

The husband said "Ha! Plenty of Clementi, eh?" and made for the percussion band as though to develop the theme. Half-way across the shop he stopped and turned round. "I know," he said, "it was this one. Dah, dah, dee-dee, dah—Dah, dah, dah—Do you know it?"

The assistant frowned. "Not Clementi," she said, "no. Was it La, la, la, lah, la—La, la, la, lah, la—that one?" She fumbled with the pink volume, but the wife, frowning with unaccustomed concentration, fingered stiffly on the glass the opening bars of a sonatina in the blue book. "Was this it?" she said. She cleared her throat.

stared fiercely at the music, said "Dee" in a high squeak, tried an octave lower and went ahead. "Dee-dee, dah, da—Da, dah—"

A glass door opened at the back of the shop, and a little man with a bald head and glasses put his head out and looked at the assistant. "All right, Miss James?" he said. The assistant nodded wildly, but the little man hesitated as the woman, flicking over pages and fingering as she hummed, opened up again. "Deedle-deedle, dum-di, dum-di—Deedle-deedle, dum-di, dum-di," she sang, and her husband, whipping away from the percussion band, shouted "That's it!" "Deedle-deedle, dum-di, dum-di—Deedle-deedle, dum-di, dum-di," he carolled triumphantly under his wife's soprano, and the assistant, gripping the counter with both hands, came in in a rich contralto. "Deedle-deedle, dum-di, dum-di—Deedle-deedle, dum-di, dum-di."

Heads collected outside on the pavement, and a nervous woman, entering the shop silently with a string bag full of onions, turned and went quickly out. The manager, now right out of his office, produced an unexpectedly resonant bass, and the four voices soared to a triumphant climax. "Deedle-deedle, dum-di, dum-di—Deedle-deedle, dum!"

In the sudden silence the Blüthner grand moaned faintly in response to the last tremendous unison. Then the manager gave a high, neighing laugh and said "Yes, well—" and dived into his office.

"Five shillings," said the assistant weakly, wiping her eyes.

The woman found two half-crowns in the depths of her enormous bag. She put them on the counter, took up the blue book and, still dazed, followed her husband into the street.

"Moments with the Masters," said the assistant, "I'll say." She collected the coloured books and arranged them under the counter. She said "Deedle-deedle, dum-di—" and shut her teeth with a snap. From behind the glass door a rumbling bass said "Dum-di," and then, just as suddenly, stopped.

P. M. HUBBARD

## STAMPS

THE Office Manager dealt almost listlessly with the Camshaft and Throttlebody file; buzzed Miss Sherlock on the intercommunication and told her that he wasn't to be disturbed; cleared his throat.

"Have we any philatelists on the staff?"

I raised my eyebrows. I had been expecting a searching question on the matter of a consignment of gearboxes that had gone out without handles. But this—well. I hedged. "Only the boy, and he's not aware of it, if you see what I mean."

The Office Manager took a turn up and down the room.

"As we all know, the Managing Director has been collecting foreign stamps for years, and a large percentage of his collection has come from the envelopes of our people abroad. Now, these envelopes are disappearing. Their contents are here all right, but . . ." He made a dramatic pause. "The Managing Director came in to see me yesterday, and asked if we had received a heavy box from our agents in Calcutta. No," and he held up a firm hand, "let me tell the story in my own way. It appeared that all he needed was what he called a two-rupee green to complete a set, and he had asked the Calcutta people to send us something heavy—heavy enough to require such a stampage."

"I asked him, briskly, what would be in the box. And he replied, quite irritably, 'How should I know?' A martinet, the gov'nor, but a fine business brain. However. He further stated, on his way out, and with a short laugh that I didn't like, that apparently our foreign business had sunk to a trickle or where were all the stamps going to?"

I moved uneasily in my place.

"Now," went on the Office Manager, "the thing is this. Somebody in the office has started to collect stamps too—somebody who has access to the mail in the morning."

"Well," and I rubbed my chin, "the mail is opened communally. We don't have the staff to do it

specially. I mean that anyone in before nine-fifteen is liable to be detailed for it. So that . . ."

"Who's that new man on the filing? Would you say he might be a stamp-collector?"

"Perhaps. He's been doing the mail a good deal lately as he's generally in to time. But I'd say he hadn't the experience. Not that he's not all right at the filing, if you don't shout at him. As a matter of fact, he's found the old card system . . ."

"No doubt." The Office Manager lifted a price list. "Well, take a look through the wastepaper baskets and see if you can find any envelopes with the corners missing. It wouldn't do if R. G. felt like going through the baskets himself. I got the impression that he might start coming in early himself to supervise the opening of the mail personally. And that would mean drastic reorganization . . ."

On my way back to my desk I stopped casually at the mail section where the boy was counting pins into a box. I leant companionably on his table and said, trying to keep my voice expressionless, "Do you remember my asking you the other day the best way to remove stamps from used envelopes, short of steaming?"

"Sure do."

"Well—um—I'd like you to forget the whole incident. I don't know why I asked, anyway. Oh—I believe play at Lord's stops at six-thirty. Perhaps some afternoon soon, if you find yourself quiet, you could get there in plenty of time to see the last hour or two, couldn't you?"

"Sure could."

FERGUSON MACLAY

Wigan Little Theatre's next production will be 'The Lady's Not Fit for Burning,' for ten nights commencing 18th June.—Wigan Observer

She should perhaps hang a little longer.





# O WALL I

**"THOU** wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall!"  
Cried bully Bottom in the Interlude.

Some might consider it a trifle tall  
To picture Hadrian and the lads from Gaul  
Murmuring "*Dulcis mure!*" as they hewed  
Large chunks of stone and subsequently strewed  
Same over Britain westward from N.E.,  
But none could say irrelevancy worsens  
If one should comment on the close analogy  
Between these muscular boy-friends of Lalage  
And honourable wall-erecting persons  
In two-one-four B.C.

Under Ch'in Shih Huang Ti.



Allowing Snout to earn an honest obolus  
(As Wall) from Theseus at his nuptial revels,  
I turn to Humpty Dumpty and Discobolus,  
Whose mural contacts were at highest levels  
Except for that most lamentable fall  
Sustained by Humpty D.

(O wicked wall!

*Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!*)

Which proved the Cavalry no use at all

At re-establishing the status quo.

And apropos

Of falls, did someone mention in comparison

The walls of Jericho's beleaguered garrison

Collapsing at the seventh trumpet-call

Of Joshua? Has anyone linked Thisbe

With Mrs. Nickleby, to both of whom

Dan Cupid introduced Romance trans-murally?

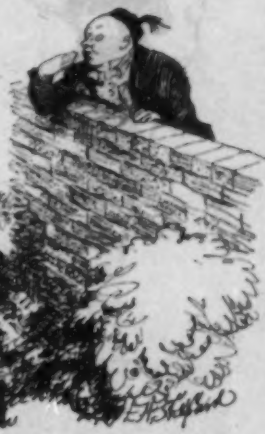
One swain besought a date at Ninny's tomb;

One wooed with garden produce airborne plurally—

Could any courtship more bizarre than his be

Imagined? But my theme is apt to pall:

I take my leave of it . . . Thanks, courteous Wall.



## INTUITIVE SALESMAN

**W**HEN I got a job selling agricultural lime to farmers I applied my intuition to it, because I am a great believer in intuition.

I did not call at farms one after another, like any non-intuitive salesman. That would have been nonsense in a man of my psychic calibre. I only called at a farm if my intuition told me I was sure to make a sale.

After I had called at six farms where I was sure to make a sale, I stopped my car on the roadside a while to feel depressed. Not one of the six farmers had ordered lime

from me—four because they had not been there, one because he had had a soil test and had no lime deficiencies, and one because he was partly upside down mending a tractor and seemed to have no interest in lime.

After a bit I cheered myself up by deciding, rather in a huff, that if my intuition was going to let me down like that I would not employ it. I would ignore it completely and call at farms in geographical order, just as if I were an ordinary non-intuitive salesman.

At the next four farms I

deliberately ignored four strong convictions that the farmer would be out. He was out four times.

At the fifth farm-entrance I rode rough-shod over an intuition that the farmer would be in a difficult mood. As I left him I assured him that there was no occasion to shout; there was nothing wrong, I said, with my ears. Driving away, I could still hear him disputing this latter assertion.

After I had stopped the car at the roadside again for another spell of depression, it was not long before a significant fact struck me.

My intuition had been unreliable whenever it had assured me confidently that I should make a sale; but it had been right every time when it had said I should not make a sale.

In other words, my intuition for me was out of order, but my intuition *against* me was working perfectly.

To make the utmost practical use of this discovery I made the only logical decision; namely, to act on every intuition warning me not to call at a farm, but to ignore every intuition telling me that it would pay me to call. When my intuition was not strong either way, I would refrain from calling, to be on the safe side.

If you work this out, you will see, I believe, how I came to be free to seek success in another field.

### MORAL STORY

**O**NCE we had a pet sheep who used to pull a tassel and ring a bell when it wanted to be fed and said "Baa," which meant: "God bless Mummy and Daddy, and the Jones children, Miss Brewster, the vicar's daughter (our governess), Cook and Molly."

One day the sheep shouted out, very loudly, "God bless Mummy and Daddy, and the Jones children, Miss Brewster, the vicar's daughter, Cook and Molly," but did not ring the bell.

I often wish we'd taken the trouble to find out why.



"It's only a beehive—with bees."



**A** COMPANY in New York is offering to license manufacturers of some forty different products to use the names and likenesses of the company's television puppets. The name of this company: Rootie Kazootie, Inc. "You'll want to know more about the Rootie Kazootie protected licensing formula for sales success," the company assures the reader in a full-page newspaper advertisement. Rootie Kazootie is the star of the puppet show, and the company suggests everything from lighting fixtures to "rainwear and umbrellas" in listing the wares suitable for affiliation with "the only children's TV show given the 'Mother Knows Best' Award."

The statistics set forth by the company are impressive. "A Rootie Kazootie commercial," we learn, "increased sales four times for one television sponsor. Another TV sponsor has this to report: Children purchased 1,000,000 cartons of his product in order to get a Magic Kazootie trick explained on a card attached to the carton. Success was so immediate that the sponsor is repeating with an additional 2,000,000 Rootie Kazootie cards."

"Rootie Kazootie receives more than 15,000 letters a month from enthusiastic fans—boys and girls, requesting tickets to the show; seats in the Rootin' Kazootin' Section; or submitting questions for the Gala-Poochie Quiz. In an Easter promotion, more than 3,000 children a day marched through a large New York department store, all week long, to find the missing polka dots

belonging to a little girl named Polka Dottie. Incidentally, Polka Dottie is Rootie Kazootie's very special girl friend."

Final item: There is a puppet mouse in the show whose name is "El Squeako."

Those who would like to see commercially sponsored television established in Great Britain will doubtless find substance for their arguments in the affairs of Rootie Kazootie.

Every so often a new word sweeps across the national consciousness. Like the larger meteors, these words disintegrate and are seen no more after penetrating the American atmosphere, but for a time the fireworks are showy. A few years ago the dominant word

was "activated."

Bread was activated. So was gasoline. Americans were chewing "activated charcoal

gum." Later on, though it looked formidable in print and was rather a big word for conversational reference, the "antihistamines" were much to the fore, and every cab-driver had a brand of his own which he recommended to sniffing fares. "Ammoniated" was a fine word for a time; it took the toothpaste industry by storm, but it didn't last.

The latest word now turning up in all sorts of unexpected places is "chlorophyll." All that the public had ever heard about chlorophyll was that it made grass green instead of some other color. Its properties as a deodorant, recently proclaimed, have touched off a chlorophyll spree throughout the land. The antihistamines never did quite succeed in putting an end to the common cold, but hopes are running high that no American—nor his dogs, cats, and goats, for that matter—need ever again Offend.

One ton of alfalfa yields about four pounds of "chlorophyllin." The present price of \$85 a

pound is expected to decline as the volume grows, but sales have already climbed from \$6,000 in 1945 to an estimated fifty million for 1952. The chain drug stores have embraced chlorophyll with great earnestness. Aside from pills, to be taken neat, the stuff is offered in toothpaste, chewing-gum, dog-foods and various unguents. For those who have hair, there is a chlorophyll shampoo; for those who had hair, a chlorophyll hair restorer. It has found its way into reducing pills, inner soles, and several preparations supposed to enhance the all-round desirability of the feet. A cigarette manufacturer is experimenting with it in the hope that tobacco, already regarded as a sure cure for throat irritation, will be an ever surer cure with a little chlorophyll added.

With summer come the drive-ins. A drive-in is, of course, a drive-in movie theater, and their numbers are still on the increase. Like the film theaters in cities, the drive-in—usually located in the open country where land is cheap—must withstand the competition of motoring itself. One New Jersey theater plugs in individual heaters for the cars of its winter patrons and remains open all the year. In the summer, such blandishments as free laundry service, playgrounds and pony rides for children, a merry-go-round and a Ferris wheel, and all manner of food and refreshment facilities are added to the basic inducement of the huge drive-in screen, where the faces of the characters in the close-ups are 30 feet between the cars and the doings are indeed those of a race of giants. No television in the drive-ins—yet.

A magazine advertisement discloses that an establishment called The Ike Shop is now open for business in midtown New York. It offers a "hand-some miniature phonograph record in gleaming gold plate and hard-fired blue enamel," available on a bracelet, or as a pin, or a lapel button. For those who wish earrings



in this particular form, there are earrings. "I Like Ike" is the caption on the miniature record. "Commands the admiration that Ike deserves," the shop asserts.

This may well be the first time that a shop has been founded entirely on a miniature phonograph record betokening affection for a five-star general who is seeking the Republican presidential nomination.

\* \* \* \* \*

The distinction between "primary" and "secondary" advertising in television programs has just been explained by a savant of the University of Illinois. "Primary advertisements interrupt the program material," he reports. "But secondary advertisements either accompany the program material or, as in the case of shopping and merchandizing programs, they are the program material. For example, when the children in the studio

audience all wear hats which are replicas of dog-food cans—we find secondary advertisements which accompany program material."

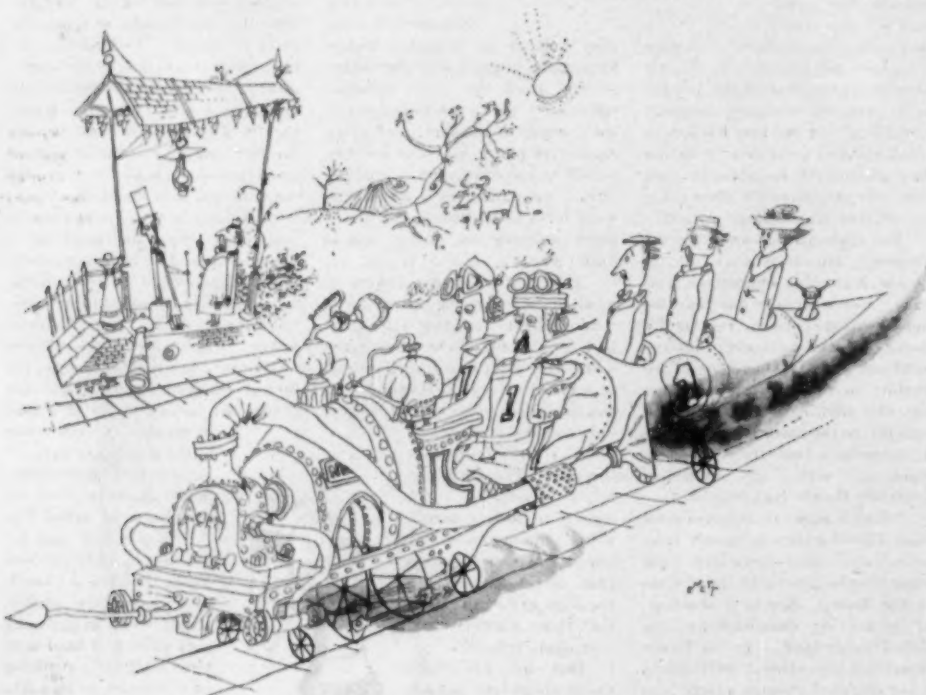
Here again is one of those nice questions with which commercially sponsored television may confront the Briton: Is the motor oil tin that Sir Cyril is wearing in lieu of a topper really the correct thing, or has some subtle form of secondary advertising crept into the drama? When ballet performers become animated cigarette boxes or medicine bottles, is it Art, or is it Commercial? These are issues to be settled only after adequate debate in both Houses of Parliament.

\* \* \* \* \*

Passengers in public vehicles have no constitutional right not to be accompanied on their travels by commercial radio programs, the Supreme Court of the United States

has decided. Brought by Washington bus riders, the litigation had kept "transit radio" more or less in abeyance, and for a time the newspaper reading, or conversation, or day-dreaming of the Washington passengers seemed to hold at least a sporting chance of detachment from broadcasting. But the petitioners, unhappily, were a minority in any case; their endorsement by the Court of Appeals proved ephemeral; and the highest tribunal told them rather testily that privacy in a public carrier is not included with the transportation. It remains only for transit radio to compose its affairs with local public utility authorities before assuming what its proprietors call "its rightful place" in a hundred or more other communities. So all aboard for Connecticut Avenue—but first, a word to the ladies: Lay-deez! Why suffer needlessly . . .

CHARLES W. MORTON



"See what you can do about speeding up the service, they said . . ."





## CONSCIENCE GNAWS

**SOUTH** Western Organizing Secretary "Bonny" Charlie Prince removed a camshaft from the desk, gnawed the end of his pen, cleared his throat and wrote:

"Despite the Clerk of the Weather's attempts to sabotage the hi-jinks, Social Secretary George James (Congrats, George!) had the Quarterly Get-Together organized 'to a T' on May 10, and a good time was had by all and sundry. To begin at the beginning, everyone—Jim Macy included (hard cheese about that big-end, Jim!) trekked off after a bang-on lunch at the 'Peeling Arms' (including Mine Host of a rival establishment), to witness Arthur Transom sail off with the 2-litre Hill-Climb honours *sem. con.*, to the delight of the memsahibs (who never once moaned though it was lashing down in sheets, bless 'em!) and of visiting South-Eastern Social Sec. Paddy O'Shaughnessy who helped with Arthur's tuning-up—so a little bird tells me—and who could scarce forbear to cheer when success crowned their mutual endeavours.

Well done, Paddy me bhoy, at all, at all! Not bad for a Soc. Sec.!!!

The ladies' Reversing was won after hot contesting by Mrs. Sid Green in her husband's 1936 special job—not without some anxious looks from Sid, who repaired to the nearest hostelry for liquid refreshment at the earliest poss. (Going for some shock-absorbers, *he said*!!) A certain lady who shall be nameless finished up stuck half-way, with a dirty great load of gorse-bushes and earth in the back seat! Hard luck Miriam! *They also serve...*

Finally Reg Dunscombe, in a neat little 1938 sports effort, collared the 'polishing homework' for the unblown under-1500 c.c. pre-war class, and the proceedings terminated suitably with many a round of convivial noggins at the 'Peeling Arms,' and fun and games were had by all till well past the witching hour. Who will forget the sight of 18-stone Dep. Sec. 'Curly' Lombard weighing himself happily on a spring balance just before closing time!!! *Wat, no springs left!!!*

Tailpiece. A.G.M. Friday, June 20, and all the 'gen-boys' will be there and 'rarin' to go.' Confab. and bar-propping as per usual afterwards, as long as the where-withal lasts. But bring those *cheque-books*!!! (Verb. Sap.)."

South-Western Organizing Secretary "Bonny" Charlie Prince re-read it, with delicately-poised tongue. He thought uncomfortably for a long time over "Verb. Sap."

He erased it carefully and substituted: "'Nuff said!!!"

"Can't be too careful," he mused, searching for a paper-clip. "Can't have jargon creeping in."

"General McNarney, 58, former U.S. troop commander in Europe and at one time acting Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean, is mentioned as likely to get a new NATO key job. It is designed to break production and supply bottlenecks."—*Daily Mail*

We can do without it, thanks.



*Macbeth*—SIR RALPH RICHARDSON; *Lady Macbeth*—MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON

## AT THE PLAY

*Macbeth* (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)—*The Gay Dog* (PICCADILLY)

**M**ACBETH is a melodrama designed to horrify us by its piling of horror upon horror; *Macbeth* himself is a careerist capable of any atrocity once the white heat of his ambition has been fanned by the Weird Sisters; and *Lady Macbeth* is a monster only brought to remorse by the sickening weight of her crime. These points, so vital to the play, are all three inexplicably lost in Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's new production at Stratford.

The long orgy of murder into which *Macbeth* is sucked has been cooled almost to the genteel temperature of a thriller, so that one half expects the ghost of *Banquo* to reveal himself as a Detective-Inspector from Inverness. The note hit by Mr. GIELGUD and Mr. MICHAEL NORTEN in their clever arrangement of dark clanking passages leading from the castle hall is as full of doom as could be wished; chiefly to blame is Sir RALPH RICHARDSON's curiously mild *Macbeth*. With the sole exception of the banquet scene, to which his studiously naturalistic acting brings uncommon force (in spite of a ghost dabbled with blood to the point of grotesque caricature), he presents *Macbeth* as a man in a dream, perplexed by nightmares that have little actuality.

His performance so carefully rings the changes of voice and expression that no room is left in it for sudden passion; in the artificiality of this polished somnambulism horror goes overboard. The talent that gave us the finest Falstaff of our generation is unsuited to the cruder passions of *Macbeth*.

The casting of Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON is also ill-judged. No monster can rise up here, in a spirit so delicate and so intractably feminine. Frown as she will, her *Lady Macbeth* never chills our blood. Her charms are too innocent for out-and-out ruthlessness; we cannot believe her capable of cold-blooded villainy. Only in the sleep-walking scene—where in this production she seems to trespass on her partner's preserves—does she move us, and then she is splendid.

The evening is full of question-marks. Why, for instance, should the stage on which *Macbeth* stands during his second séance with the witches be wound down afterwards, mixing hydraulics awkwardly with the occult? There are a number of neat visual strokes, however. The approach of the soldiers carrying Birnam Wood right up to the castle is beautifully managed, even if tactically improbable. And

Mr. KENNETH ROWELL's dresses are very good, particularly his circular cloaks that sheathe the body like an insect's wings. But the stirring handling of poetry that one associates with Mr. GIELGUD is often missing. Mr. JACK GWILLIM's *Macduff* gets its full effect; that and Mr. RAYMOND WESTWELL's *Banquo* add Mr. LAURENCE HARVEY's *Malcolm* are the surest things in a puzzling production.

*The Gay Dog* is naively simple, a plain jar designed by Mr. JOSEPH COLTON to show off our national Pickles. To one who had just seen *Hobson's Choice* at the Arts its north-country comedy about the domestic side of greyhound racing appeared to be pretty thin, though on the third night a packed house ate up Mr. WILFRED PICKLES. I found him less edible. On the stage he is a winning little man, but shorn of the warmth of personality which he pours so effectively into a mike.

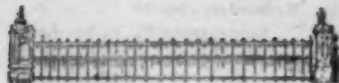
### Recommended

*The Deep Blue Sea* (Duchess). Rattigan's best full-length drama; *Under the Sycamore Tree* (Aldwych), ant satire in which Alec Guinness displays chameleon mastery; and, if you've forgotten how funny Shakespeare can be, *Much Ado About Nothing* (Phoenix).

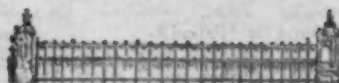
ERIC KEOWN



*The Gay Dog*  
Jim Gay—MR. WILFRED PICKLES



## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, June 16

With the House of Commons you never can tell. A Monday afternoon usually produces an extremely "thin" attendance, since long-distance trains seem to have a habit of arriving in the late afternoon—occasionally causing worried frowns on the brows of Chief Whips.

But to-day there was a crowded House from the start, and all for no apparent reason. The Order-paper certainly presented no explanation. The list of questions was no star attraction, either. But there was a certain liveliness over the most innocuous of questions, and it seemed as if the Opposition was determined to "make something" of anything that bobbed up.

Major GWILYM LELOYD GEORGE, the Food Minister, who is the despair of baiters because he is so calm, unruffled and witty, had a lively time dealing with eggs—their supply, their condition, their age and their future all came under review.

Then, with the abruptness of a news-reel, the scene changed to international affairs, with Mr. HECTOR HUGHES asking Mr. CHURCHILL to arrange a meeting with Mr. Stalin and other leaders of the Great Powers. Mr. CHURCHILL was non-committal. Mr. HUGHES, with unaccustomed ferocity, said this was evidence of a split in the Cabinet, and Mr. C. replied, more in sorrow than in anger, that that allegation was a complication to be regretted. Anyway, he favoured the idea of a meeting, so long as it was reasonably assured of success. But, he added, a move which worsened the situation would not be helpful and a mistake would be "detrimental."

As soon as the Question-hour ended, Mr. LENNOX-BOYD, the Transport Minister, stepped briskly to the Table with a statement about passenger fares. He said it was complicated—and that was certainly not an understatement, for Members

sat open-mouthed as he piled complication on complication, technicality on technicality. However, like some top-secret cipher, it all worked out in the end, and it appeared that London workmen's and "early morning" tickets (which are not, apparently, the same thing), seasons, and some other "sub-normal" fares, which had been raised disproportionately in price in early March, were to be cut to the "normal" increase applicable to all passenger fares in the London area. And in the provinces (which have so far escaped the increases altogether under a standstill order) the prices would go up to about the



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. G. Hutchinson (Ilford, N.)

London levels. When will these changes occur? August 31 in London, September 1 in the provinces.

Mr. LEONARD CALLAGHAN, on the Opposition Front Bench, was the first to come round, and he complained that the "hullabaloo" over the fares had produced about the smallest mouse any mountain had ever mothered. Why, there was actually to be an increase in the Provincial fares!

"Of course there is!" rapped Mr. LENNOX-BOYD. "But the Government has fulfilled to the letter the demand of the House that all the increases should be proportionate and fair."

Not seeing, or ignoring, the glint of battle in the Minister's eye—always an unwise oversight—Mr. LITTON asked whether the announcement did not mean that, for six months, Londoners had been mulcted of £20,000 a week as a

result of the Government's vacillation.

Mr. L.-B. fixed Mr. L. with a steely glance. "The anomalies," he said, very deliberately and distinctly, "were exclusively the result of legislation for which your Party was responsible!"

Mr. L. did not pursue the matter—even when the Government cheers had died down a little.

Then the House passed on to discuss—at surprising length—grants for the ploughing of land, war risks by sea and air, and the school building programme. And at ten minutes to one everybody went home, with the reported prospect of a couple of really late nights, to-morrow and the next day, to chasten them.

Tuesday, June 17

Their Lordships were having one of those informed debates in

which they specialise—this time on civil aviation. Lord PAKENHAM

raised the matter, in that conversationally oratorical manner which his peers find so engaging. He described the Government's plan for the future of civil aviation—with more freedom for privately-owned planes—as an attempt to ride two horses going in different directions. The House was not surprised to know that in his opinion this feat was likely to bring the rider "crashing down at the next fence." Lord P. made it plain, in fact, that he did not at all like the plan.

LORD LEATHERS pooh-poohed all this and declared that the plan was both workable and reasonable. The Air Corporations had a vital part to play, and he yielded to no one in admiration for them. But that was not to say that civil aviation generally could not be improved by the transfusion of a little Free Enterprise blood—of the right group, of course.

After a long debate Lord P., prophesying a long and bitter

struggle ahead, withdrew his demand for "Papers."

The Commons were enjoying another of those mixed salads of business which have been such a feature of recent weeks. It seemed to the onlooker that (to borrow the phrase beloved of the Scottish Law Officers) absolutely nothing was "outwith the ambit of the remit," and Members took full advantage of the fact. Wages, access to the Pennine Way (Mr. HUGH DALTON, a great hiker, raised this), the recent cut in itinerant photographers in Trafalgar Square (a step defended by Mr. EECLES, Works Minister, on the ground that the famed Square had to be "cleaned up"), and the visit of Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, were all dealt with at Question-time alone, before the Report stage of the Finance Bill admitted an even wider survey.

Although it was a case of reading between the lines—since defence problems entered largely into the matter—it seemed clear that Mr. Menzies' visit had been a profitable one, from the point of view of both countries. Arrangements had been made about the part each was to

play in producing (a) food and (b) arms, to ensure that sword and ploughshare had an equal showing, as modern conditions demand.

Mr. CHURCHILL, who made the statement, gave the impression that there is to be a meeting of Commonwealth Finance Ministers soon, to talk about trade and economic matters. This gave general satisfaction, for this House is increasingly Commonwealth-minded.

And so to the Finance Bill. Proposals to tighten up the law relating to Pools betting were first discussed, and it was plain that the vagaries of football teams are as naught compared with the man-made hazards placed before the tax-gatherers by Pools experts. However, a new Clause was added to the Bill, which, the Treasury hopes, will produce a dividend.

So, by way of Purchase Tax, to amateur entertainment, which it was suggested should be freed from some of the burden of tax. "We'll see," replied Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER for the Treasury, and with that promise (beloved of generations of nannies) the House had to be content for the moment.

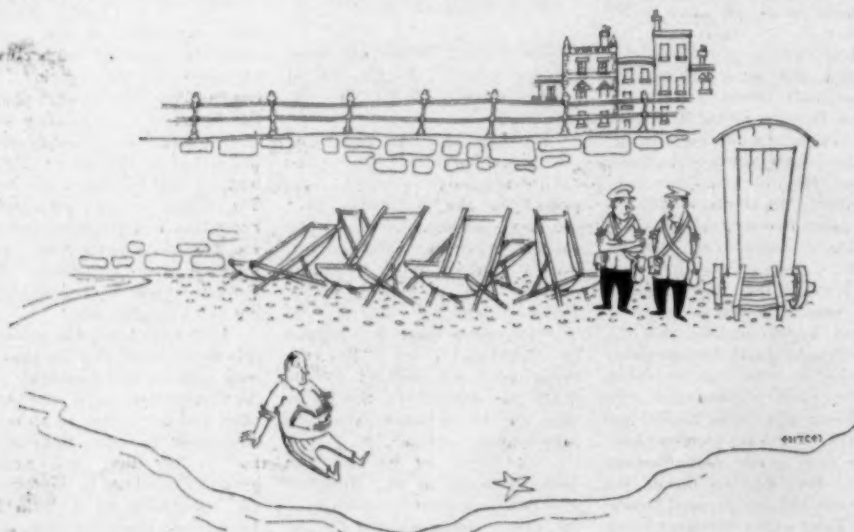
Wednesday, June 18

LORD SALISBURY, in the Lords, and Mr. OLIVER LYTTLETON, in the Commons, made

statements about the plans for the federation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyassaland, which has been the subject of great controversy for a long time. Modifications have been made in the original plans, but it seemed from the attitude of the critics that a good many more will be necessary before anything like complete agreement is achieved. There is to be a further conference of all concerned, in Africa, later in the year.

The Report stage of the Finance Bill occupied the rest of the day, with Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER still indefatigably in the leading rôle.

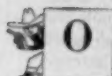
With able support from Mr. MAUDLING (whose Ministerial concern is nominally civil aviation) and from Mr. BUTLER (in person), Mr. B.C. played to more or less full Houses well into Thursday, June 19. The Chancellor had made it plain that he intended to complete the Report stage—and such statements usually lead to long sittings.



"Wait till high tide."



## AT THE PICTURES

*Ivanhoe—Who Goes There!*

**O** Fits kind, *Ivanhoe* (Director: RICHARD THORPE) is exceptionally good.

Using a generous handful of the same ingredients as were used in the recent excursion in the same field by Mr. DISNEY, it treats them with rather more seriousness and produces something that is not so broadly and obviously a picture for children. I wouldn't go so far as to suggest that it offers any significant intellectual nourishment, nor that the motives of the characters are shown as anything more than those simple and readily comprehensible emotions that prompt the behaviour of the people in any costume melodrama; nevertheless *Ivanhoe*, for one reason or another, is undeniably less of a cheerful romp than *Robin Hood*. I read that in one or two quite important particulars, notably in making *Ivanhoe* the Black Knight, it departs from the original; not having read the book for thirty years, I would not have known this. Certainly the whole thing is a very effective story as presented here, and even the dialogue, though it suffers even more than usual from the tendency of costume-picture dialogue to be striped with thick, rich veins of blank verse (whether SCOTT tended to do this I cannot bring myself to verify), is noticeably less flat than usual, on the one hand, and less unintentionally comic, on the other. The intentional comedy, of course, as always in stories of this period, is a simple matter of bellows, oaths, guffaws and horse-play—though Cedric the Saxon is rather surprisingly heard in what must surely be positively the first appearance of the depart-in-peace depart-in-pieces joke. ROBERT TAYLOR makes a good enough *Ivanhoe*... but the principals in this kind of

thing are never allowed much individuality. The touches of memorable acting one nearly always finds among the minor characters, often the minor villains—as in this instance Prince John (GUY ROLFE). The main point of the piece is spectacle, action (a splendid climactic fight in the lists) and visual impressiveness. I thought the designing with heavy, rich, subdued, diffused colours, in both big scenes and small, was often outstandingly good.

*Who Goes There!* (Director: ANTHONY KIMMINS) proclaims its stage origin in every foot, but turns out (as written for the screen by the playwright himself, JOHN DIGHTON) to be a thoroughly entertaining little picture, and though the characters are from stock it is easy to relax and be unthinkingly amused by it. Its basically ordinary situations are very much freshened by the original scene and surroundings, one of the houses in St. James's Palace and the neighbouring barracks; these places are not explored or used as a film could use them, but one's mere consciousness that the scene is not just another stage country house seems to make a

valuable difference. Another freshening influence is some bright dialogue, though that too is often stagey—in such a remark as the one about the young man's affairs (Windmill girl—non-stop; French girl in the war—not in the Resistance) one can positively smell the grease-paint and hear the clatter of matinee tea-cups. As the Irish girl who precipitates the problem by worrying her faithless guardsman and fainting on his beat, PEGGY CUMMINS does well, and the "motherly" behaviour of the nice sister in the house where she is taken to recover is made as pleasing as could be by VALERIE HOBSON. NIGEL PATRICK is the conventional philanderer, very entertainingly.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Apart from *La Marie du Port* (14/5/52) and dear old *La Ronde* (16/5/51), one of the brightest things is a new thriller, *Diplomatic Courier*.

Best now release: *Deadline* (4/6/52), a good newspaper melodrama. Remember the earlier ones *Emergency Call* (28/5/52) and the good Western *High Noon* (14/5/52).

RICHARD MALLETT



*Ivanhoe*

Wilfred of *Ivanhoe*—ROBERT TAYLOR  
(with Norman adversary)

*Who Goes There!*  
Guardaman Crip—  
GEORGE COLE

## BOOKING OFFICE

## Public Lives

**General Marshall.** Robert Payne. *Heinemann*, 25/-

**George Isaacs.** G. G. Eastwood. *Odhams*, 16/-

**Retrospect.** Viscount Simon, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O. *Hutchinson*, 25/-

"THIS book is more concerned with the mind of General Marshall than with a recital of his day-by-day activities, and though the general form of a biography has been followed, it is not in the strict sense a biography." Mr. Robert Payne, however a librarian might classify his work, has produced something that is oddly rare, a really good book about a public man. Books on modern soldiers and statesmen are usually far below the standard of other Lives; this is strange in an age so greatly concerned with war and politics.

Mr. Payne builds up the portrait solidly. He is sometimes a fierce critic, particularly over Chinese policy, of which he has specialized knowledge. He does not probe weaknesses to score a party point, but because it is necessary for the complete understanding at which he aims with superb ambition and passionate curiosity. The narrative sweeps along, keeping the various themes co-ordinated and alive, now rising to a general discussion of the nature of aristocracy or the problems of turning a collection of individualists into a military machine, now swooping down to an

international conference, a muddy road on the way to the front line, or a new recruit being bullied in a military academy and surviving by concentrating his full mind on the example of Stonewall Jackson. Whatever expert critics may say about Mr. Payne's judgments on strategy and diplomacy, he has written a classic of contemporary biography.

Compared with this mature and penetrating book, Mr. G. G. Eastwood's *George Isaacs* is poor stuff, a popular hagiography full of repetitive praise and human-interest anecdotes. The Life of a man who has risen to be the President of the T.U.C. and held Cabinet office for six years needs an approach in keeping with the magnitude of the subject. It should not keep breaking off to introduce some laboured jocosity or reminder that "George" is really quite an ordinary chap. His career proves that he is not an ordinary chap, and even this pedestrian account shows that the hostile Press picture of a dim, negligible little man is absurd. One of Mr. Isaacs' chief characteristics is apparently exuberance, verbal and intellectual. His biographer should have given much more solid attention to the organizing of the Printing Unions, the great debate over Joint Consultation and the much criticized handling of strikes by the Ministry of Labour. After all, the relation of Labour and a Socialist Government is one of the most difficult and most interesting questions of the day.

Mr. Eastwood may complain that he is aiming at the general public, not at historians, Socialist or Conservative; but to treat the public as half-witted children seems a denial of everything his hero stands for. Mr. Isaacs, a modest man, is likely to be embarrassed by his panegyrist, who should now forget all about the supposed passion of the people for the human touch and write the book that needs writing and that he has the knowledge and ability to write.

Viscount Simon's *Retrospect* is a surprisingly humdrum autobiography for a man of such outstanding intellectual powers and wide experience of high office, though it runs along clearly, modestly and crisply. There is an occasional new anecdote or minor detail of historical interest; but on the whole it is a very general account of four decades of British history as seen from the Government or Opposition Front Bench. The defence of the foreign policy of the National Government does not add much to the contemporary arguments of the journals that supported it and ignores later criticisms, like those of Professor Namier, based on later disclosures. Lord Simon regards himself as a politician who used the Law to support him while he pursued his real career. Nobody who did not already know his position at the Bar would guess it from his casual account of his legal career. He refers to his notorious aloofness with a puzzled smile at himself which is very different from the mock self-amusement common in autobiographies.

R. G. G. PRICE



"As if you could learn it from books!"

**Shakespeare's Motley.** Leslie Hotson. *Hart-Davis*, 21/-

Dr. Hotson's redating of the Sonnets, accepted by some critics, was vigorously challenged by others. His new interpretation of the word "motley," in its relation to the Shakespearean fool, may well find universal acceptance. Motley, it seems, was not the parti-colour of mediæval fashion, as we have so long been supposing, but a coarse cloth of mixed colours, used for making cloakbags. It was also used for making the long coats worn, in Shakespeare's day, alike by the natural defective and the professional "pleasant"; and Dr. Hotson's argument, based on an exhaustive and ingenious exploration of contemporary print and manuscript, that this was the costume in which Touchstone, Feste and Lear's Fool appeared on the stage, would be hard to controvert. More important, it leads to a very suggestive reassessment of the significance of those famous characters and to a most interesting if partly conjectural portrait of the actor Robert Armin who played them and, Dr. Hotson thinks, collaborated in their conception. F. B.

**My Naval Life.** Stephen King-Hall. *Faber*, 18/-

In spite of a naval tradition going back to Napoleonic times, it is obvious throughout Commander Stephen King-Hall's book, *My Naval Life*, that his heart was never fully in his sea career, nor is the fact entirely attributable to the conviction, mentioned in a letter written in 1922, that his sense of the folly and futility of war "rendered him temperamentally unfitted to be a member of a fighting service." A combination of qualities—among others, independence of mind, pugnacity, and a notable lack of respect for persons—was obviously better fitted to activities such as broadcasting, journalism, and propaganda on behalf of his own pet schemes than to the naval tradition, which, rightly or wrongly, has not much use for an excess of originality in its junior ranks. Commander King-Hall's outspokenness undeniably makes his reminiscences more amusing reading than the normally circumspect type of naval memoirs; but at times it goes a little too far, especially with reference to the late Earl Beatty. The terms "boulder," "thug" and "condottieri" (*sic*) are hardly what one expects to find applied to the great names of the Fleet.

C. F. S.

**The Loved Enemy.** Stephen Coulter. *Andre Deutsch*, 10/6

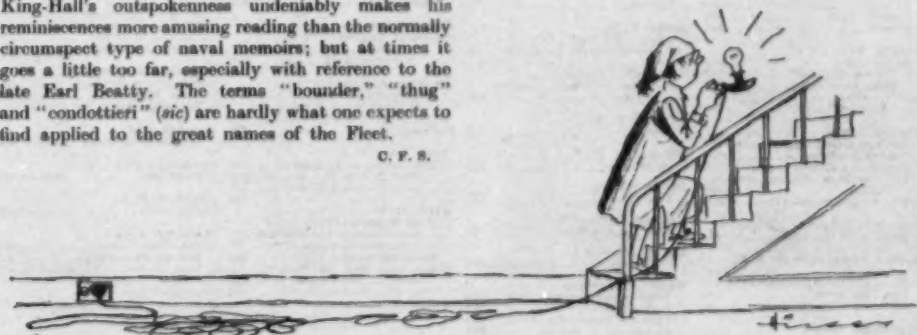
In *The Loved Enemy* the stifling shorelands of West Africa turn out to be exactly as the untravelled reader had imagined them, and their denizens behave very much as specialists in tropical fiction have taught him to expect. The air is heavy with insects, intrigue, and the odour of decay, and sweating humanity struggles without much avail to retain its shreds of decency and dignity. The weakness of Mr. Stephen Coulter's first novel is that it contains so few surprises either of incident or character, that Hammett, Paule and her father are old contemptibles almost as soon as we meet them, and that their *mise en scène* ("The big room, bare, smelt of old, stale grease and olive oil which the crude light from one unshaded bulb seemed to concentrate and intensify") is so familiar to students of the modern novel. Its strength is that it manages to interest and entertain in spite of its heavy handicap. Mr. Coulter writes uncommonly well. His style (which also is somewhat familiar) is crisp and effective, and he has already mastered the difficult craft of marrying sensitive documentation and quick-fire drama.

A. B. H.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**Spring in Sicily.** Peter Quennell. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 15/- Topographical, historical and archaeological musings and descriptions. Good photographs. Mr. Quennell has a wide range of reference; his eye and his learning work together. The carefully built and worded paragraphs evoke and stimulate; somehow they do not seem to fit together to make a coherent whole. Should be read with slow relish.

**The Smoking Mountain.** Kay Boyle. *Faber*, 15/- Eleven stories from post-war Germany, reprinted from American magazines. First-rate descriptive pieces and serious studies of a war-guilty Fatherland made more or less palatable (according to taste) by injections of dramatic fiction. Uneven; but when they are good—"Summer Evening," "Begin Again," "Adam's Death"—they are very, very good.



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**Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds.** Edited by Frederick W. Hilles. Heinemann, 21/-

Mainly from the vast accumulation of Boswell papers at Yale, which has already afforded us the great biographer's London and Holland journals, Professor Hilles of that university has collected a miscellany of writings, for the most part hitherto unpublished, of the first President of the Royal Academy. They make a most interesting little book, in which Reynolds' engaging personality is everywhere manifest; though to equate their importance, as Professor Hilles appears to do, with that of the "Discourses" is surely to display a questionable sense of proportion. Pride of place among them is given to three "portraits"—of Goldsmith, Johnson and Garrick—and these, which are essentially studies in the relationship of character to social behaviour, display a sanity of judgment such as is not the invariable accompaniment of genius. They are penetrating, just and humane. Equally admirable, though in lighter vein, are two Johnsonian dialogues, which are really first-rate pastiche; while an essay on Shakespeare, fragmentary as it is, is a far from negligible piece of criticism. As for Professor Hilles' editing, conscientiousness could hardly have been carried further.

F. B.

**Hitler: A Study in Tyranny.** Alan Bullock. Odhams, 25/-

It is not often that a man reveals the whole of his character in his public appearances and public works (if this term can be divested for a moment of its aura of benevolence): most men who achieve notoriety are complex enough in mental make-up to warrant repeated analysis by the historians and a full quota of new judgments. But Hitler, it seems, was neither a man of parts nor a man of mystery. Our first impressions were correct, and every new scrap of evidence supports the thesis that he was a villain, a loutish, detestable, blundering tyrant. So this long and scholarly biography offers nothing new that is of fundamental importance, and it is a tribute to the author's skill in documentation and narration that the book is so instructive and interesting. We still know little of Hitler's early years, but his "war-lord" period has been brilliantly illuminated by Mr. Bullock's masterly arrangement of the detail contained in the diaries of Ciano, Goebbels and others.

A. B. H.

**Green Thoughts.** Sir Stephen Tallents. With drawings by Brian Aldridge. Faber, 15/-

Even those who scissor out Sir Stephen Tallents' weekly contributions to the *Sunday Times* and keep them in the ample envelopes that come with garden catalogues will want to buy the volume in which they are collected. The happiest of many amplifications of reprints that stand leisurely re-perusal is a treatise on mowing, recommended as a useful diversion for both

sexes from fifteen to eighty. Useful diversions are the countryman's strong point and their results increase the untaxed wealth of the countryside. Here you have wood fires, their material and making; geese as lawnmowers and provender—with sidelights on plucking and pillows; moles, as a fur coat for your daughter; grey squirrel *en casserole*; willows for those who like them to weep aesthetically or produce pumy catkins—and for makers of cricket-bats; and, best of all, little books bound in rat-leather (or half-rat) for Christmas presents.

H. F. E.

# SHORTER NOTES

**The Dark Saviour.** Robert Harling. *Chilton and Windus*, 12/6. Further experiences of the narrator of "The Paper Palace"; this time a newspaperman's view of a near-revolution in a Caribbean island and the activities of the Communist-encouraged young Negro spellbinder who starts it. Ample, always absorbing narrative with two or three peaks of suspense and action.

**Red Lion Inn.** Robert Payne. *Hale*, 10/6. A readable though highly romanticised story about a Thames-side tavern fifty years ago. The relief of Mafeking, the death of Queen Victoria, Marie Lloyd at the Tivoli, help to furnish the Edwardian atmosphere, but a good deal of the "period" detail belongs more properly to 1800 than to 1900.

**Ring and Walk In.** Miriam Borgenicht. *Hamish Hamilton*, 9/6. Psychological thriller of coldly calculated horror. Fashionable New York consultant with chill and disciplined plotting seeks to reduce his stepchildren to . . . what? He is foiled by the children's father, but not before much icy water has flowed down many a spine. Quaveringly recommended.



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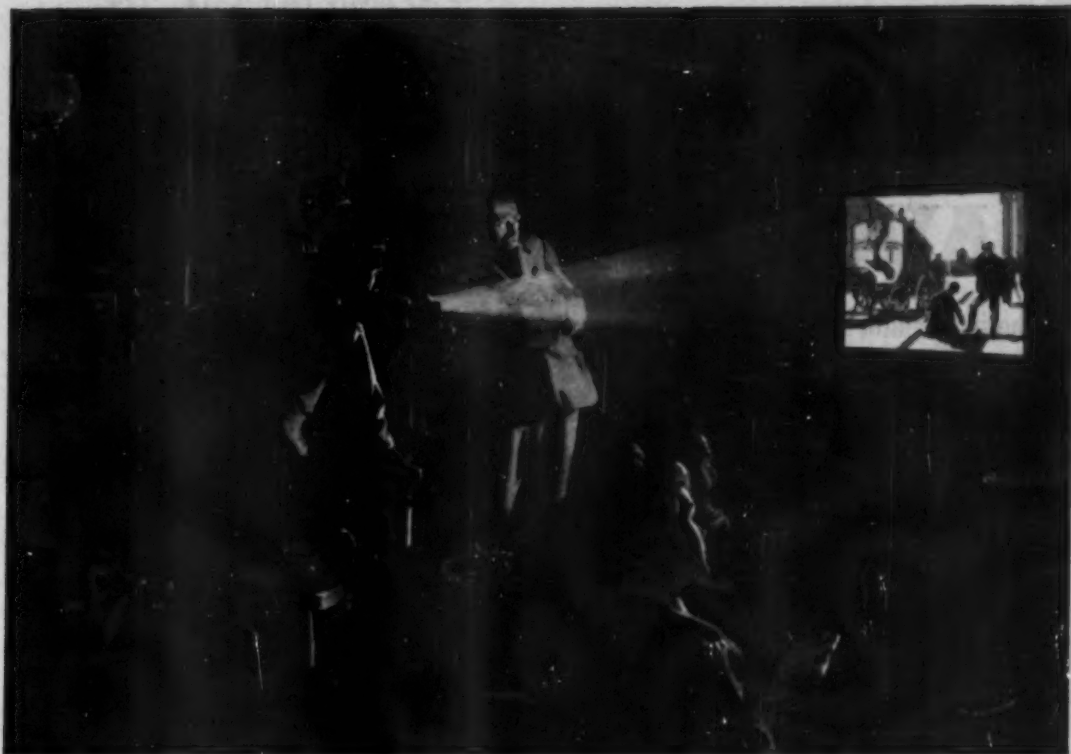
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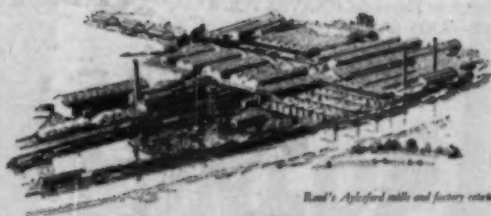
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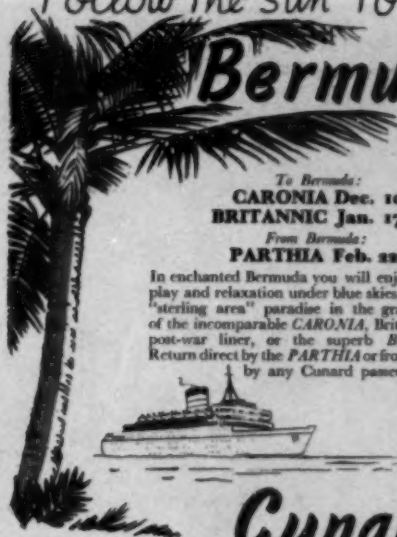
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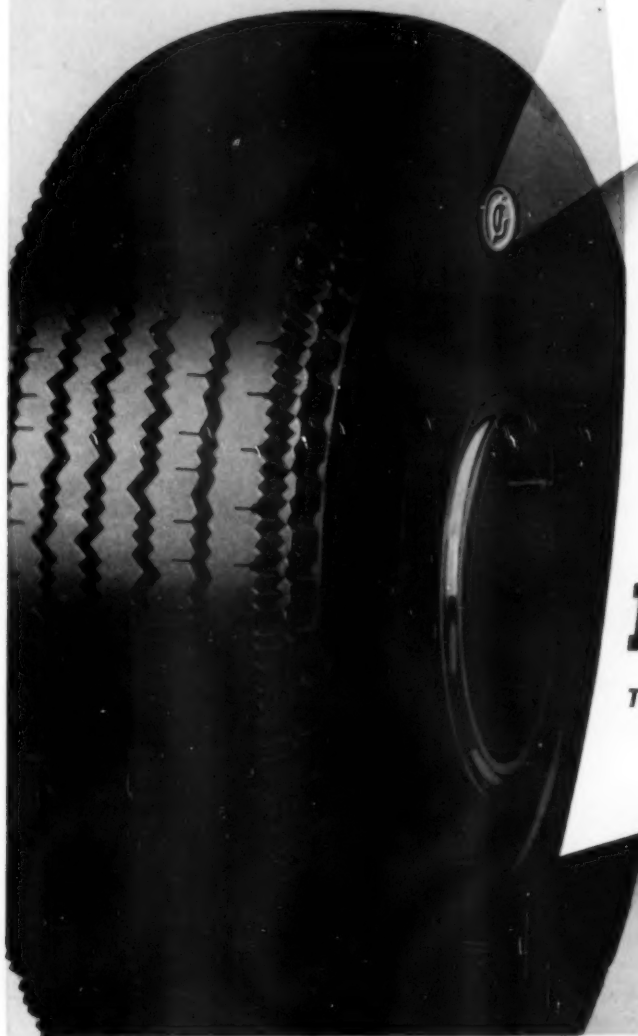
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La Hartman, Clara to me, has the theatre in her blood. Maybe that's why her complexion's so bad, and she's no longer in circulation.

"Darling," I said, "aren't you tired of resting?"

"Practically re-tired," moaned Clara. "But if this constipation goes on I won't even stand a chance for the back row of the chorus in Greek tragedy. Oh, Therps, hear my plaintive pipe."

"30 ft. of plaintive pipe," I said, craftily.

"How much?" asked Clara.

"The pipe I mean," I said, "is the one you have tucked away behind your dress circle. Everything you eat has to go through it, prompted by your intestinal muscles. But there's nothing for the muscles to get hold of in the soft, starchy foods we eat now, and they miss their cues."

"What does that make me?" asked Clara.

"Lady Macbeth," I said, "much troubled with a dam spot that won't out. It's the curtain-raiser to Much Ado, and All's Wrong that Starts Wrong—in other words, constipa-

tion. What you want," I said, "is bulk."

"Is bulk a medicine?" asked Clara, suspiciously.

"Certainly not," I said, "it's All-Bran for breakfast. That gives your muscles the bulk they need to work on. All-Bran's delicious, and it makes you 'regular.'"

"Is there a grocer in the house?" asked Clara, hopefully.

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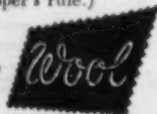


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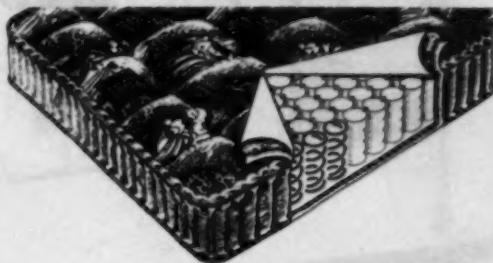
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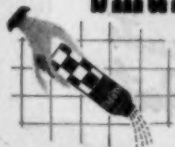


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"Paid my fare in Trafalgar Square, got my reservations, everything. Wonderful system, the Canadian Pacific," proclaimed the Lion. "You might have told me!" protested the Unicorn.

"Oh well, why cross the Pacific until you come to it?" asked the Lion jovially. "Must confess to feeling elated though. These Air Empresses are the height of luxury, I've heard.



"We'll have one whole day in Honolulu en route—meals and accommodation thrown in, of course. Then on to Fiji, where there's a 15-hour stop-over. New Zealand next—and, whoops, a quick hop to Sydney!"

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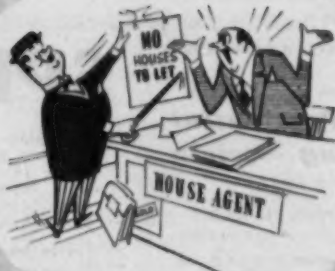
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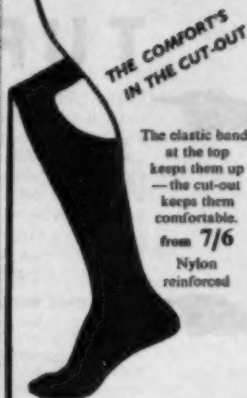
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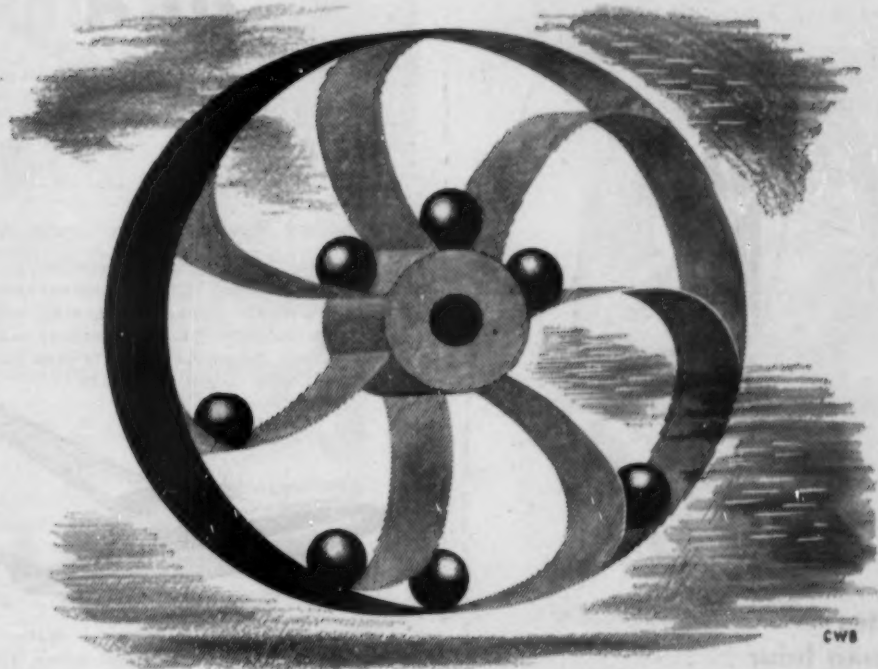
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